

THE LIVING AGE.

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CONTENTS.

		PAGE.
1. The Classic Land of Suicide,	<i>Psychological Journal,</i>	195
2. Horse Subsecivæ. Second Series,	<i>Examiner,</i>	206
3. The Last Lewises,	<i>All the Year Round,</i>	208
4. Buckle's History of Civilization. Vol. 2,	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	213
5. Insanity and Eccentricity,	<i>Psychological Journal,</i>	216
6. The Nerves of London,	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	222
7. Science and Arts for May,	<i>Chambers's Journal,</i>	225
8. Portrait of a Brave Scotchman,	<i>Welcome Guest,</i>	228
9. The Rev. Dr. Breckinridge on the State of the Country,	<i>Danville Quarterly Review,</i>	233
10. Military Resources of the South,	<i>Spectator,</i>	247
11. Southern Cotton—Can it get out?	<i>Economist,</i>	249
12. America,	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	249
13. Napoleon in Italy,	<i>Spectator,</i>	251
14. A little Common Sense applied to the American Question,	<i>Liverpool Journal,</i>	253
15. The Day's Duty,	<i>Tribune,</i>	254

POETRY.—Rabelais, 194. My Christian Name, 194. The Old Couple, 256. Day-Dreams, 256.

SHORT ARTICLES.—M. Vogel, the African Traveller, 205. Zoölogical Gardens, 215. Indignation of Oireland, 221. [This reminds one of a land near at home.] Black and White Laborers, 214. Death of Charlotte Bronte's Father, 232. Squirto Gentil, 232. [Can we not have Turkish Baths in our large cities?] Division of Labor, 246. Seventh Volume of "Documents and Correspondence," 255.

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RABELAIS.

OUR noblest souls, disguised in motley coats,
Have helped, unrecognized, to cleanse our altars,

Fulfilling what humanity denotes
The mission of our preachers and our psalters—

Fitting their features to the popular face's,
Ephemeral grimaces,
While mocking Dagon till he fails and falters.

One came while France was building over To-
phet's

Foul gulf, and mocked her in the mad erec-
tion;

He broke the brittle bones of little prophets,
The emblems of a retrograde perfection;

Yet wore, while baffling all the arts of Comus,

The cap and bells of Momus,—
Torn trophies from the national collection !

The gaping burghers grinned beneath the plat-
form,

Whereon in jester's garb he mocked at error,
And dreaming not morality took *that* form;

They laughed at their own faces in his mir-
ror;

Others there were, and many, when he hinted at
The rights and wrongs they squinted at,
Tucked up their skirts and skipped away in ter-
ror.

The Mrs. Grundy of those days, good woman,
Laughed at the image of her own transgres-
sors;

The Church and blunt John Calvin found un-
common

Relish in grinning with her prim confessors ;
But underneath the jester's habit furnaced

A brand of bitter earnest,
The prophet's weapon and the intercessor's.

The jester, opening up his show of puppets,
Pulling the strings with loud gesticulation,
Showed every well-clad sin that lifted up its
Venomous head against the helpless nation—
Priests, monks, and statesmen, half a pope,
some crowned heads,

French Cavaliers, French Roundheads,
All caught their portion of his flagellation.

Poor Humbug quaked before his thrashing-flail,
And sought to fence his blows with quip and
quiddity,

And Cant—now laughing and now turning pale—

Forgot her methodistical stolidity ;
He played the burden of "The Good Time

Coming,"

And half the world went mumming
Within the shadow of its own stupidity.

Peace to his manes—let them wander where
No moonsick lad may brand them in a son-
net;

That good old garb of his is yet in wear,
And teachers now and then are wise to don it;
I think a preacher drolly dressed and shabbily,
Came down in goodman Rabelais,

And damaged Mrs. Grundy's Sunday bonnet !

Our priests and teachers come disguised to earth
They meet us where we little hope to find
them;

We know not, till they pass, and leave a dearth
The benediction they must leave behind them
Motley's the only wear to catch the many ;
The jester and the Zany

Must clear our visions from the motes that blind
them. — *Welcome Guest.*

MY CHRISTIAN NAME.

My Christian name—my Christian name,
I never hear it now ;

None have the right to utter it ;

"Tis lost—I know not how ;

My worldly name the world speaks loud

"Thank God for well-earned fame !

But silence sits at my cold hearth,

I have no household name.

My Christian name—my Christian name,

It has no uncouth sound ;

My mother chose it out of those

In Bible pages found ;

Mother ! whose accents made most sweet

What else I held in shame,

Dost thou yet whisper up in heaven,

My poor lost Christian name ?

Brothers and sisters, mockers oft
Of the quaint name I bore,

Would I could burst death's gates to hear

Some call it out once more !

One speaks it still—in written lines—

The last fraternal claim ;

But the wide seas between us drown

Its sound—my Christian name !

I had a dream for years. One voice

Might breathe this homely word

As love breathes ; I had swooned with joy

Had I my name thus heard.

Oh, dumb dumb lips ; oh, crushed, crushed
heart !

Oh, grief, past pride, past shame !

To die—to die, and never hear

Thee speak my Christian name !

God send thee bliss ! God send me rest !

If thou with footsteps calm

Shouldst trace my bleeding feet. God make

To thee each blood-drop—balm,

Peace to these pangs ! Mother ! put forth

Thine elder, holier claim,

And the first words I hear in Heaven

May be my Christian name.

DINAH MULOCK.

From The Psychological Journal.

THE CLASSIC LAND OF SUICIDE.

THERE was a time when it was customary, both at home and abroad (and we are not quite certain that the custom as yet has quite died out among ourselves), to look upon England as "the classic land of suicide." "La terre classique du suicide," was a phrase of our immediate neighbors across the straits as applied to this country; "O Britain, infamous for suicide!" sang one of our most popular poets.* A better knowledge of the subject has, however, pretty clearly established that, in this respect, we belied ourselves, and suffered others to belie us. With that happy facility for parading our shortcomings which is so incomprehensible to other nations, we, before the era of statistics, succeeded in imposing as well upon our neighbors as ourselves the belief that suicide was in an especial manner a bane of this kingdom. We now know that there was no sufficient ground for this belief before statistical returns could be appealed to, and that since these have existed, the unenviable pre-eminence of being the chief haunt of suicide can no longer be assigned to England.†

But we should gain little by getting rid of this stigma, if, to the poetical literature of this kingdom is to be attributed, as certain continental writers will have it, a primary influence in the development of that aesthetical treatment of suicide which has been one of the most curious phases of the literary history of the past eighty years.

According to Goethe, that life-weariness so productive of suicide, which was widely prevalent among the German youth, and indeed the youth of other continental nations, towards the termination of the last century, would not have been so decidedly manifested had it not been for the action of an outward cause. Such a cause existed for them, he states, in English literature, "especially the poetical part, the great beauties of which are accompanied by an earnest melancholy which it communicates to every one who occupies himself with it. . . . One finds in it throughout a great, apt understanding, well practised in the

world, a deep, tender heart, an excellent wit, an impassioned action, — the very noblest qualities which can be praised in an intellectual and cultivated man; but all this put together still makes no poet. Fine poetry announces itself thus, that, as a worldly gospel, it can by internal cheerfulness and external comfort free us from the earthly burdens which press upon us. Like an air-balloon, it lifts us, together with the ballast which is attached to us, into higher regions, and lets the confused labyrinths of the earth lie developed before us as in a bird's-eye view. The most lively, as well as the most serious works, have the same aim of moderating both pleasure and pain by a felicitous intellectual form. Let us only in this spirit consider the majority of the English poems, chiefly morally didactic, and on the average they will only show us a gloomy weariness of life. Not only Young's *Night Thoughts*, where this theme is pre-eminently worked out, but even the other contemplative poems, stray, before one is aware of it, into this dismal region, where the understanding is presented with a problem which it cannot solve, since even religion, much as it can always construct for itself, leaves it in the lurch."

In further illustration of this position Goethe refers to Milton's *Allegro*, in which gloom has to be scared away in "vehement verses" before even moderate pleasure can be attained; and to the *Deserted Village*, in which the cheerful Goldsmith, losing himself in elegiac feelings, "as charmingly as sadly exhibits to us a lost Paradise which his *Traveller* seeks over the whole earth." Giving us credit for at least some cheerful poetry, he adds:—

"Enough: those serious poems, undermining human nature, which in general terms have been mentioned above, were the favorites which we sought out before all others, one seeking, according to his disposition, the higher elegiac melancholy, another the heavy, oppressive despair, which gives up every thing. Strangely enough, our father and instructor Shakspeare, who so well knew how to diffuse a pure cheerfulness, strengthened our feeling of dissatisfaction. Hamlet and his soliloquies were spectres which haunted all the young minds. The chief passages every one knew by heart and word to recite, and everybody fancied he had a right to be just as melancholy as the Prince of Den-

* Young, *Night Thoughts*; Night v. l. 442.

† See Briere du Boismont, *Du Suicide*, p. 368; *Journal of Psychological Medicine*, vol. xii. p. 216; Marc d'Espine, *Statistique Mortuaire Comparée*, pp. 96-101.

mark, though he had seen no ghost, and had no royal father to avenge."

Finally, *Ossian* had charmed them "even to the *Ultima Thule*." *

Again, Brierre du Boismont tells us that Shakspeare is the source of the aesthetical literature of suicide of our own times. "Thus," he writes, "Hamlet cries:—

" 'To die ;—to sleep ;
To sleep ! perchance to dream ;—ay, there's the
rub.'

Already in this poet are found the principal features which characterize that literature: the dread of death and doubt of the future." † Pierre Leroux also writes in his observations upon the poetry of our epoch, "Shakspeare leads the choir of poets, Shakspeare who had conceived doubt in his breast long before philosophy. Werther and Faust, Childe Harold and Don Juan follow the shade of Hamlet, followed themselves by a multitude of despairing and lamenting phantoms, who all seem to have read the terrible legend over hell's gates, *Lasciate la speranza*." ‡

But, truly, it would be no easy task to trace in what manner the "earnest melancholy" which tinctures the writings of our great poets could, as Goethe asserts, become the fostering cause of that self-cultivated, self-indulged life-weariness, the prime factors of which were irreligion and scepticism, the prime result immorality, the most revolting one suicide. In no respect would the task be lighter to search for and discover in Shakspeare the source of our modern aestheticism of suicide; or to show that Werther was directly descended from Hamlet.

It is customary when looking upon a muddy stream to attribute the muddiness to the nature of the banks between which the water flows; or when gazing through a fog upon the distorted outline of a coast, to ascribe the distortion to the fog. Certainly it may be said that without the water there would be no turbid stream; without the coast no distorted coast-line. And so of the influence exercised by the poetic literature of this land upon the "Young German Mind" in Goethe's time. It may have been, as he would have

us believe, that but for this literature the life-weariness which then infected the youth of his country would never have become so greatly developed as it did become. Yet who would now recognize such a source in the noxious literature which is the most enduring expression of that life-weariness, and of which *Werther* is the first-begotten and type? The source may be there, but whence the pollution? The coast may still appear above the horizon, but whence its fantastic contour? This is to be sought in the then mental state of the German youth, which, as a crumbling bank, or a thick haze muddied or distorted whatever passed over or was seen through it.

That profound religious element which permeates and governs the grave tone of the *Deserted Village* and *Traveller*, and which is the great motive and key of the *Night Thoughts*, is dismissed by Goethe as only worthy of the brief consideration of a sneer; and that seriousness which in a Christian is presumed to be the best safeguard and best fosterer of morality, is looked upon by him as "undermining human nature." This is true to the dominant intellectual spirit of the time of which Goethe wrote, when, as Carlyle forcibly sums up: "Whatever belonged to the finer nature of man had withered under the Harmattan breath of Doubt, or passed away in the conflagration of open Infidelity; and now, where the Tree of Life once bloomed and brought fruit of goodliest savor, there was only barrenness and desolation. To such as could find sufficient interest in the day-labor and day-wages of earthly existence; in the resources of the five bodily senses, and of Vanity, the only mental sense which yet flourished, which flourished, indeed, with gigantic vigor, matters were still not so bad. . . . But to men afflicted with the malady of thought," some devoutness of temper was an inevitable heritage; to such the noisy forum of the world could appear but an empty, altogether insufficient concern; and the whole scene of life had become hopeless enough." * These men, thus afflicted, accustomed themselves (to use a phrase of Jaques), "to suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs;" and they made the older poetical literature of this country minister to this passion, by straining off that high moral feeling which gives significance to the sadness that

* *Autobiography*, translated by J. Oxenford; Bohn. Vol. i., pp. 504-7.

† *Du Suicide*, p. 173.

‡ *Werther*, edited by P. Leroux, with a preface by George Sand, p. xxviii; and *Revue Encyclopédique*, 1851; *De la Poésie de notre époque*.

* *Miscellanies*: Art. Goethe.

characterizes the greater bulk of it, and retaining the mere dregs of a meaningless melancholy. To minds thus tinctured Ossian would fittingly "take the place of Homer in the heart and imagination."*

If we would more thoroughly understand the extent to which the nature of the melancholy which so largely prevails in the older poetical literature of this country, as well as the signification ordinarily attached to the word by our most trusted writers, have been misconceived by Goethe, and from the causes we have assigned, illustrations are readily found.

"That calm and elegant satisfaction," writes Steele, "which the vulgar call melancholy, is the true and proper delight of men of knowledge and virtue. What we take for diversion, which is a kind of forgetting ourselves, is but a mean way of entertainment, in comparison of that which is considering, knowing, and enjoying ourselves. The pleasures of ordinary people are in their passions: but the seat of this delight is in the reason and understanding. Such a frame of mind raises that sweet enthusiasm, which warms the imagination at the sight of every work of nature, and turns all around you into picture and landscape."†

Again, and still more to our purpose, MacKenzie writes, at a period when *Wertherism* was in progress of development:—

"You say truly, in one of your late papers [referring to a previous number of the *Lounger*], that poetry is almost extinguished among us; it is one of my old-fashioned propensities to be fond of poetry, to be delighted with its descriptions, to be affected by its sentiments. I find in genuine poetry a sort of opening to the feelings of my mind, to which my own expression could not give vent; I see, in its descriptions, a picture more lively and better composed than my own less distinct and less vivid ideas of the objects around me could furnish. It is with such impressions that I read the following lines of Thomson's Autumn, introductory of the solemn and beautiful apostrophe to philosophic melancholy:—

"But see the fading many-colored woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country
round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk and dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome
Muse,

* *Werther*. Octr. 12.

† *Tatler*, No. 89, Nov. 3, 1709.

Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strewn walks,

And give the season in its latest view.

Meantime, light-shadowing all, a sober calm

Fleeces unbounded ether; whose least wave Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn The gentle current; while illuminated wide, The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun, And through their lucid veil his softened force Shed o'er the peaceful world. This is the time

For those whom wisdom and whom nature charm

To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,

And soar above this little scene of things; To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;

To soothe the throbbing passions into peace, And woo lone quiet in her silent walks.'

"About this time three years, sir, I had the misfortune to lose a daughter, the last survivor of my family, whom her mother, dying at her birth, left a legacy to my tenderness, who closed a life of the most exemplary goodness, of the most tender filial duty, of the warmest benevolence, of the most exalted piety, by a very gradual but not unperceived decay. When I think on the returning season of this calamity, when I see the last fading flowers of autumn, which my Harriet used to gather with a kind of sympathetic sadness, and hear the small chirping note of the flocking linnets, which she used to make me observe as the elegy of the year; when I have drawn her picture in the midst of this rural scenery, and then reflect on her many virtues and accomplishments, on her early and increasing attentions to myself, her gentle and winning manners to every one around her; when I remember her resignation during the progress of her disorder, her unshaken and sublime piety in its latest stages; when these recollections fill my mind, in conjunction with the drooping images of the season, and the sense of my own waning period of life; I feel a mixture of sadness and of composure, of humility and elevation of spirit, which I think, sir, a man would ill exchange for any degree of unfeeling prudence or of worldly wisdom and indifference."*

This fragment from the *Lounger* serves as the best interpretation to be attached to Steele's observations, and at the same time it teaches us in the happiest manner the meaning to be assigned to the melancholy which pervades the writings of our standard poets, and the great contrast between this meaning and the one which Goethe sought

* *The Lounger*, No. 93, Nov. 11, 1786.

to affix to that emotional state as exemplified by their works. This melancholy, as is so exquisitely shown by Mackenzie's reflections on the death of his daughter, is but the reflex of a self-communing habit of thought which is accustomed to look upon all things as having a high moral significance. Hence it is that the moral element, inspired by religious belief, alone gives significance and vitality to the sombre thoughts of our great poets; and to dissociate this element from these thoughts, as Goethe does, is to render them utterly void of meaning.

Thomson, in his apostrophe to Philosophic Melancholy, * has so fully expressed the true *English* sense of the term, that it would be folly to attempt to convey this in any other language. He describes the approach of melancholy as being declared by the sudden-starting tear, the glowing cheek, the mild, dejected air, the softened feature, and the beating heart, "pierced deep with many a virtuous pang." A sacred influence is breathed over the soul, and the imagination inflaming, infuses every tenderness through the breast, and exalts the swelling thought far beyond the dim earth.

Lost in obscurity ; the noble scorn
Of tyrant-pride ; the fearless great resolve ;
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
Inspiring glory through remotest time ;
Th' awaked throat for virtue and for fame ;
The sympathies of love and friendship dear ;
With all the social offspring of the heart ;

Such is a portraiture of the self-indulged melancholy which the English poet derives from nature; but what traces of it can we detect in *Werther*? Solely the tearfulness, the dejection, the inflamed imagination, and the host of fleeting ideas, but unballasted by any virtuous pang, by any high-souled tenderness, by any of that nobility of thought which religion pre-eminently gives, and which is shown in the abnegation of self, in that large-heartedness which ever seeks to

succor and advance the human race in a lofty patriotism, in a noble struggle for virtue and fame, or in the holy ties of domestic life.

What is absent in *Werther* is also absent from Goethe's estimate of the influence of English poetical literature in the production of *Wertherism*, that is to say, that whatever there is of excellence in the melancholy of our great poets is cast aside as worthless, and the mere unmeaning fact of gloominess retained.

And now to turn from the general question to the special illustration, and compare briefly Hamlet, the assumed prototype of the leading characters found in the modern aesthetical literature of suicide, with Werther, the earliest produced and chief of them.

Hamlet is depicted, first, as woebegone, at the loss of a much-loved father, and with his soul wrung by the incestuous marriage of his mother.

"Within a month,
Let me not think on't;—Frailty, thy name is
woman!
A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,—
O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of rea-
son,
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with my
uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules: Within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married:—oh, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;
But break my heart; for I must hold my
tongue!"

Hamlet, thus woebegone, and compelled to keep his griefs hid within his own breast, suffers an aspiration of regret to pass his lips that the Everlasting had "fix'd his canon 'gainst self-slaughter." And, again, when crushed by the horrible secret, brought to him from the nether world, of his father's murder, and the equally horrible duty imposed upon him by his father's ghost of murdering (for even the latitudinarian notions of revenge indulged in Hamlet's supposed time would admit no softer word for the act) his uncle, his mother's husband, he is represented as once more resorting to suicide as a means of escaping from the "sea of troubles" which had overwhelmed him. But as his religious notions hereto-

* Written A.D. 1730.

fore, so his reason, or as it is the custom to say, his philosophy, now rebuts, and that quickly, the notion. There is no tampering with the doctrine inculcated by the Church that suicide is a damnable sin, and by the State that it is a crime; there is no attempt to fritter away under paradoxes and conceits the, to reason, inscrutable question—

"To die ; to sleep ;
To sleep ! perchance to dream ; ay, there's the
rub :
For in that sleep of death what dreams may
come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil : "

no ; the mind at once pauses, apprehending its own helplessness in unravelling the mighty problem, and the conscience haunted by the dread of "something after death," again causes the idea of suicide to be cast aside.

And yet it might be supposed that Hamlet, a scholar, hankering for death as the easiest means of escaping the grievous troubles which had beset him, would but too readily have sought counsel from the writings of those ancient philosophers who had justified suicide, when either bodily or mental suffering taxed our endurance. The name of the greatest of these, Seneca,—one who, like Werther, always held it as a consolation that it was at his will to leave the world when he liked,* and who had represented Deity as teaching us that "if we choose not to fight against evils, we may fly from them : therefore, of all things which he had made necessary for us, he made none so easy as to die,"†—had but a little while before been in the mouth of Polonius when addressing Hamlet.‡ But the latter never attempts thus to pander to his feelings. Whence comes this? It is evident that the belief that suicide was an offence against the laws of God, which had governed Hamlet's thoughts when he first reverted to the subject, also controlled them when he again returns to it. It is this conviction, unexpressed, but which together with that thorough belief in the existence of a heaven and a hell so fully manifested or implied in the ghost scene, the scene where the king is praying, and elsewhere in the play, which curbs Hamlet's philosophical speculations on death and gives them that peculiar charac-

ter in the great soliloquy, "To be, or not to be," which some commentators have thought to be inconsistent with the scenes referred to. In fact, there is no incidental feature in the delineation of Hamlet of greater interest than the mode in which the doctrines of the Christian Church are shown to hold in check the propensity to suicide—a feature characteristic of the history of suicide among Christian nations at the time in which the action of the play may be considered as having taken place. It remained for our own time, and for the young German mind first of all in the character of Werther, to show that the truths of Christianity could be pleasingly dovetailed into the pagan doctrines of suicide.

Werther is represented as having recourse to suicide in order to escape the mental misery occasioned by an unrestrained and adulterous passion for the wife of a friend. He has no trouble but what is of his own creation, none but what is dependent upon the deprivation or lack of some sensuous pleasure—refined it may be (as the world goes), but sensuous nevertheless. He hugs these troubles and cherishes them as holy things ; but "hemmed in as he is, he [like the ancient Stoics] ever keeps in his heart the sweet feeling of freedom, and that this dungeon *can be left when he likes.*"* He treats suicide as a legitimate thing, morally, and buries the iniquity and folly of the deed beneath a heap of wretched paradoxes. He entertains no other ideas of morality than those which are involved in its conventional practice ; he adopts religious beliefs only so far as they may be modified so as to foster his peculiar vices ; and having thus modified them, he advances his great and final woe, the uncontrolled ungratified passion for his friend's wife, as a crown of martyrdom and a sure ground of beatitude hereafter !

"Every thing passes away, but a whole eternity could not extinguish the living flame which was yesterday kindled by your lips, and which now burns within me. She loves me ! these arms have encircled her waist, these lips have tremble upon hers. She is mine ! Yes, Charlotte, you are mine forever !

"And what do they mean by saying Albert is your husband ? He may be so for this world : in this world it is a sin to woo you—to wish to tear you from his embrace.

* Ep. lxx. † *De Providentia.* ‡ Act. ii. sc. 2.

* Letter, 22nd May.

Yes, it is a crime, and I suffer the punishment; but I have enjoyed the full delight of my sin. I have inhaled a balm that has revived my soul. From this hour you are mine; yes, Charlotte, you are mine! I go before you. I go to my Father, and to your Father. I will pour out my sorrows before him, and he will give me comfort till you arrive. Then will I fly to meet you. I will claim you, and remain in your eternal embrace in the presence of the Almighty.

"I do not dream, I do not rave. Drawing nearer to the grave, my perceptions become clearer. We shall exist; we shall see each other again; we shall behold your mother; I shall behold her, and expose to her my inmost heart. You mother—your image!" *

Hamlet and Werther: is not this another reading of Hyperion to a satyr? The one at all times curbed more or less, directly or indirectly, by the broad doctrines of Christian morality and truth, the other deliberately mutilating these doctrines and prostituting them to the service of vice and suicide, decorating the latter also with a wealth of meretricious sentiment; the one recoiling from and seeking to evade the dread task imposed upon him by revenge for a murdered father, the other playing with the idea of murder as a fitting means of terminating his self-generated troubles. "I will die," writes Werther. "It is not despair, it is conviction that I have filled up the measure of my sufferings, that I have reached the term, and that I sacrifice myself for you. Yes, Charlotte, why should I not say it? It is necessary for one of us three to depart—it shall be Werther. O my dear Charlotte! this heart, governed by rage and fury, has often conceived the horrid idea of murdering your husband—you—myself." Hamlet and Werther must ever stand wide apart from each other; no just analysis will approximate their characters. It is insufficient to say that there can be detected in Hamlet the germ of that spirit of doubt which besets Werther and his congeners. The doubt of the former is that incidental to one whose soul has been borne down and unbraced by accumulated sorrow, and who, in the bitterness of his heart, would choose death rather than life; the doubt of the latter is the mainspring of his thoughts and actions. The explanation of Hamlet's

doubt need not, nor should it, be sought in any system of philosophy or philosophical notions of his presumed time, but in the pages of Spenser,—of whom Shakspeare himself has written:—

"whose deep conceit is such,
As passing all conceit, needs no defence."

Also:—

"And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd,
Whenas himself to singing he betakes." *

Read how Despair pleads with the Red Cross Knight:—

"Is not short payne well borne that brings
long ease,
And laves the soul to sleep, in quiet grave?
Sleep after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly
please."

* * * * *

"Die shall all flesh? What then must needs
be donne?
Is it not better to die willinglie,
Than linger till the glas be all out ronne?
Death is the end of woes: Die soone, O
Faerie's sonne." †

But when Hamlet uttered his doubts there was no Una standing by to withdraw him from the counsels of the tempter. Once before she had saved him; but now revenge had usurped her place, and such reasons as he could urge for life served to add, not detract, from the desire for death. What, then, was left which could hold Hamlet back from suicide, but the dread of an hereafter? —in him the faint and murky, but still unextinguished reflection of that Christian element which comes to the surface throughout the play. The doubting of Hamlet is that to which all men have been liable, and to which many have yielded, in all ages of the world, when exposed to excess of mental or bodily suffering: the doubting of Werther is that which is peculiar to an extravagant philosophical scepticism, whether ancient or modern. The one is the result of the mind succumbing to a stress of grief; the other is the product of a self-satisfied and self-confident system of reasoning.

Again, it is insufficient to say that in Hamlet we have the prototype of those characters in whom action is enfeebled by exaggerated, undue mental activity. "In Hamlet we see," writes Coleridge, "an enormous

* *The Passionate Pilgrim*, Sonnet vi. "If music and sweet poetry agree," etc.

† *The Faerie Queene*, Bk. i. c. 9.

* *Werther*, Bohn's Ed., p. 348.

† Letter, 20th Dec.

intellectual activity, and a proportionate aversion to real action consequent upon it, with all its symptoms and accompanying qualities. This character Shakspeare places in circumstances under which it is obliged to act on the spur of the moment. Hamlet is brave, and careless of death; but he vacillates from sensibility and procrastinates from thought, and loses the power of action in the energy of resolve." * "The preponderance of thought and speech over action," writes Du Boismont, "in a word, feebleness, is the foundation of the fanciful and melancholy heroes of suicide." † But even were we to admit the correctness of these abstract views, it does not in any degree help us to reconcile the concrete characters of Hamlet and the Werther school, or to trace the development of the latter, even remotely, to the influence of the former. No parallelism exists whatever, either in the causes leading to the development, or in the mode of growth, or in the results of the disgust of life which is portrayed in the mediæval (assumed) hero and our modern heroes of suicide. In the latter we behold, as Goethe tells us he desired to set forth in the character of Werther, "that disgust which man, without being driven to necessity, feels for life." ‡ "We have here," he again says, "to do with those whose life is embittered by a want of action, in the midst of the most peaceful circumstances in the world, through exaggerated demands upon themselves." § In short, Hamlet belongs to all time, Werther to a peculiar epoch, and there is no greater resemblance between the two characters than that which exists (to take a simile from Bunyan's character of Self-Will, who represents in no small degree the religious phase of Wertherism) between a child that has been cast down by a blast of wind or tripped up by a stone, and defiled itself in the mire, and one who has wilfully laid down and wallowed like a boar therein.

Neither in Shakspeare, nor in the older poetical literature of England as a whole, nor, indeed, in the entire literature of this country prior to the publication of *Werther*, can be found the special characteristics of the mod-

ern æsthetical literature of suicide. Truly we had, when that book first appeared, our apologists for suicide. Suicide was also then notoriously very common among us, and the philosophical scepticism which at that time pervaded France and Germany, and which frittered away all that was vital in religion and morality, prevailed extensively in England.

Europe, indeed, at the period we are writing of, was profoundly disquieted. The influence of religion and morals over men's minds, and the authority of the Church, had been waning throughout the century, and towards its termination had become greatly enfeebled. Philosophy, in the absence of religion the chief refuge for those higher cravings of the mind which lie at the source of our moral and social habits, was herself luxuriating, and too commonly running riot in the liberty she had just fully secured from the trammels of theological dogmas and traditions. Tainted, moreover, by the prevalent unbelief, she lent herself to support and confirm it. The sensualism of Locke, then the reigning system of philosophy, had been pushed to its most extravagant lengths in fatalism, materialism, and atheism, and thus became the chief feeder of that popular scepticism under which a declension in religion or morality at all times seeks to cloak itself. Such a scepticism was the great mental characteristic of the period, and it pervaded all classes of the people. If, however, the predominant sensualistic philosophy of the time formed its main aliment, yet it also fed, in Germany at least, upon the idealism that came in its way, deducing from that system a pure pantheism—a deduction which in every way served its purpose.

Whatever had served to lend a charm to life in literature, in art, and in social life, suffered to a greater or less extent from the blighting influence of this scepticism, itself at one and the same time a result and a fostering cause of irreligion and immorality. The bonds which held society together were relaxed, and in France they, in the end, were rent asunder with such terrible vehemence, that every nation in Europe trembled to the very centre with the shock.

The evil passions of man, so largely unrestrained except by the ignoble motives of brute force and selfishness, rushed freely to the surface, and suicide (not the least among

* *Literary Remains*, vol. iv. p. 205.

† *Du Suicide*, p. 174.

‡ *Autobiography*, Bohn, vol. i. p. 502.

§ *Op. cit.*, vol. i. p. 50.

the ills which then obtained an undue prominence) was elevated to a dignity which it had probably never before possessed among Christian nations. But even suicide itself, an act which it might have been supposed admitted of no variation in degree of infamy, became more degraded than it had ever before been. Among the ancient pagan apologists and justifiers of the deed, suicide, as a rule, was only vindicated when it was had recourse to from patriotic motives, or to escape dishonor, or unmerited or involuntary suffering, the individual having previously lived a virtuous life; while he who had committed the act, to escape from the consequences of his own evil deeds or vicious habits, was branded with ignominy. At the epoch of which we are now writing, however, notwithstanding that the virtues of the ancients were aped, these were too generally made to shield the vices of the moderns. Suicide was justified without reference to the causes of the deed, the gambler and the debauchee, as well as he who had been hounded to despair by misery of his own begetting, slipping out of the world at their convenience, and flattering themselves that they were emulating in so doing an ancient virtue.

Thus it came to pass that at the termination of the eighteenth century men's minds were deeply disturbed, and a quasi-philosophical scepticism, which, in whatever manner it might humor the reason left the feelings sterile, had usurped the place of religion.

In England, about the middle of the eighteenth century, "free-thinking" had received a fresh impetus from the publication of Lord Bolingbroke's posthumous works; and from the strictures of contemporary writers upon the prevalence of suicide at that time, we learn that this act was then attributed mainly to wilful extravagance and debauchery on the one hand, and to scepticism on the other.

"Another principal cause of this frequency of suicide," says a writer in the *Connoisseur*, "is the noble spirit of free-thinking which has diffused itself among all ranks of people. The libertine of fashion has too refined a taste to trouble himself at all about a soul or an hereafter; but the vulgar infidel is at wonderful pains to get rid of the Bible, and labors to persuade himself out of his religion. For this purpose he attends con-

stantly at the disputant societies, where he hears a great deal about free-will, free-agency, and predestination, till at length he is at liberty to do as he pleases, lays his misfortune to the charge of Providence, and comforts himself that he was inevitably destined to be tied up in his own garters."

The same writer satirically suggests that "if this madness (of suicide) should grow more and more epidemical," it would "be expedient to have a bill of suicide, distinct from the common bill of mortality, brought in yearly: in which should be set down the number of suicides, their method of destroying themselves, and the likely causes of so doing." He believes that few would be found martyrs to the weather, and he adds the following significant sketch of a bill:—

"A Bill of Suicide for the year—
Of Newmarket Races,—
Of kept Mistresses,—
Of Electioneering,—
Of Lotteries,—
Of Gambling,—
Of French Wines, French Cooks, etc., —
Of Chinese Temples,—
Of a Country Seat,—
Of a Town House,
Of Fortune Hunting,—
Of a Tour through France and Italy,—
Of Lord Bolingbroke, etc., etc., —
Of the Robin Hood Society,—
Of an Equipage,
Of a Dog-Kennel,—
Of Covent-Garden,—
Of Plays, Operas, Concerts, Masquerades,
Routs, Drums, etc., —
Of keeping the best Company."*

From this period the progress of popular scepticism in England followed pretty much the same course as that of France and Germany, and with very similar results, intellectually and morally. About the termination of the century we find, also, the prevalence of suicide assigned to the existence of "melancholy" among us, the term being evidently used to convey the notion of that emotional state which Goethe endeavored to depict in the character of Werther. A writer in the *Looker-On* † discusses, in two very interesting essays, the question of melancholy in connection with suicide. He

* See also, for bitter satires on the subject of suicide, *The World*, No. 193, Sept., 1756; and the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. xxv. p. 48, 1756. The article last referred to has been ascribed to Dr. Johnson.

† Nos. 85 and 86, 1794.

describes melancholy as being "among those modifications of the human character, which wait the fecundating efficacy of social refinement, ere they break out in all their diversities of shade and coloring." He asks "how it should come to pass that an addiction to melancholy is more common among my countrymen than other Europeans." This, he conceives, is to be sought in moral, not in physical, causes:—

"Blame not thy clime, nor chide the distant sun;
The sun is innocent, thy clime absolved:
Immoral climes kind nature never made." *

"If therefore," he writes, "in our search after the grounds of this melancholy, we look no farther than the mind it inhabits, what abundant sources of secret sorrow, what a laboratory of pains and afflictions, do we there discover! In the cruel fondness of parentage in the early plantation of deceitful hopes, and not seldom of vicious principles; in the selfish luxury which is permitted to youth, and in the barren occupations to which our manhood is surrendered; in the unripe consequence with which children are invested; and in the fastidious satiety which, in our present forcing system of culture, teaches us to spurn at simple pleasures, before even half our capacities of delight are unfolded—I read the long history of human sorrows, and see the whole mischief developed in its series of causes and effects."

The essayist next considers the influence of political freedom, and remarks:—

"I hope it may be the timorous observation of an old man, for it is, indeed, a dispiriting consideration, that as we gradually mount from slavery to freedom, as we gradually draw towards the state of society most honorable to our natures, and most favorable to our natural search after knowledge and improvement, the melancholy of our mind increases and new shapes of inward sorrow are tacitly blended with our triumphs."

In another paragraph, we read:—

"But of all the sorrows whence arise that melancholy which ripens with our age, there are none so prolific as the neglect, in those on whom youth depends, of placing before them such objects and amusements as are durable, and last beyond the date of short-lived juvenility" . . . [not, however, overlooking the natural sportiveness of children].

In his observations on suicide the essayist says:—

* *Young's Night Thoughts*, Night v.

"I am persuaded there never has existed a man brought up by his sorrows to the act of suicide, in whose history, could we get the truth concerning him, we should not . . . find a gross principle of vanity at the bottom, a tissue of proud assumptions and expectations, and those for the greater part the result of parental indulgence and the deceitful promises of early adulation."

Clearly this writer is dealing with a crude Wertherism, and the tone of the two essays to which we have referred, throughout shows that the author, although probably unwittingly, was tainted by the peculiar disgust of the time in which he wrote, and that the "melancholy" of which he sought to investigate the causes, was of that particular form out of which Wertherism arose.

It was with this melancholy or disgust of life, a product of that mental and moral state of society which we have attempted briefly to sketch, and which existed more or less in this country and among the Christian nations of Europe, that Werther chimed in when given to the world, and which then, for the first time, received a full and definite expression. But this was not the sole, or even the chief secret of the amazing influence exercised by the book, and of the avidity with which it was everywhere seized upon. Hitherto, that vague, dreamy, objectless disquietude and depression of mind, of which Werther subsequently became the type, had in no respect been more repulsive than in their seemingly utter dissociation from all the better feelings of humanity: these had hopelessly withered away beneath their blighting influence. But the genius of Goethe effected a magical transformation. If, on the one hand, he had truly given voice to the wailings of the restless and melancholy spirits of the epoch, on the other, he had clothed all that was revolting, all that was contemptible, all that was barren and worthless of their peculiarities, in a delicate and finely wrought veil of æstheticism, which gave to the character of Werther an aspect of being linked to the holier feelings of our nature, by many and most powerful bonds. He, in fact, infused a seeming vitality of true feeling into the sterile tracts of sceptical philosophy and morality (or rather immorality), and those who were wearily traversing or were lost in the arid desert, hailed with rapture the delusive mirage. "Wer-

ter," Carlyle writes, "appeared to seize the hearts of men in all quarters of the world, and to utter for them the word they had long been waiting to hear. As usually happens, too, this same word once uttered, was soon abundantly repeated; spoken in all dialects, and chanted through all notes of the gamut, till the sound of it had grown a weariness rather than a pleasure. Sceptical sentimentality, view-hunting, love, friendship, suicide, and desperation, became the staple of literary ware; and though the epidemic, after a long course of years, subsided in Germany, it re-appeared with various modifications in other countries, and everywhere abundant traces of its good and bad effects can still be discerned." *

If, as we have contended, the peculiarities of Werther cannot in any degree be traced to the literature of this country, and that that work was the first manifestation, and, in so far, the origin of the modern æsthetical literature of suicide, it cannot be denied that among us arose the most powerful of the race of sentimentalists, of whom Werther was the forerunner. Of these Byron was undoubtedly the greatest; † but notwithstanding this, Wertherism proper (that is to say, the type being closely copied) was comparatively short-lived in England, and at the present day, perhaps, it is only to be found in France, where it still flourishes with considerable vigor.

It is a question of considerable interest whether there is any probability of a resurgence, in this country, of that æstheticism of suicide which is one of the chief features of Wertherism. There is happily little

* *Op. cit.*, Art. Goethe.

† " Nous n'hésitons pas à donner à Byron la supériorité sur Goethe, comme poète *caractéristique* de l'époque; car nous trouvions dans Byron, pour employer une expression même de ce poète, une plus grande vitalité du poison."

" There is a very life in our despair,
Vitality of poison; a quick root
Which feeds these deadly branches." — *C. Harold.*

" Byron, par la nature particulière de son génie, par l'influence immense qu'il a exercée, par la franchise avec laquelle il a accepté ce rôle de doute et d'ironie, d'enthousiasme et de spleen, d'espoir sans bornes et de désolation, réservé à la poésie de notre temps, méritera peut-être de la postérité de donner son nom à cette période de l'art: en tout cas, ses contemporaines ont déjà commencé à lui rendre cet hommage." — *Pierre Leroux: Introduction to Werther*, pp. xix, xx.

in common between the moral and intellectual characteristics of the present day, and those of the period of which we have been writing. It is certain, however, that there is never wanting a leaven of that peculiar form of scepticism, which, as we have seen, constituted by far the most important of the intellectual elements which were efficient in the genesis and propagation of Wertherism. Two things in connection with this subject are especially worthy of note in our own day; first, the wide-spread interest which has been excited by Mr. Buckle's fatalistic doctrines, as set forth in the introduction to his *History of Civilization in England*, and which are illustrated mainly by the statistical records of suicide and murder; and secondly, the fact that suicide is beginning to fare well at the hands of our artists.

Mr. Buckle asserts, concerning suicide, that all the evidence we possess points "to one great conclusion, and can leave no doubt on our minds that suicide is merely the product of the general condition of society, and that the individual felon only carries into effect what is a necessary consequence of preceding circumstances." * We read in the *Bhayavad-Ghita*, that—" The presumptuous thinks himself the author of his actions; but all his actions come from the force and from the necessary concatenation of things." This dogma, Cousin tells us, is "destructive of all liberty and all morality"; † yet Mr. Buckle's opinions are but a modern development of it.

Again: in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1859, a painting hung upon the walls, simply described as *The Fumes of Charcoal*, and in which suicide was treated purely æsthetically. ‡ In this painting two young persons, a male and a female, are represented committing suicide, by inhaling the fumes from burning charcoal. As the subject is dealt with, the artist would appear to have no other object than that of veneering the act of suicide with a perverted sentimentality. In the Exhibition of last year, conspicuously placed, was Mr. Solomon's

* Vol. i. p. 25, 2nd Ed. For an examination of Mr. Buckle's evidence for this conclusion, and a proof of its insufficiency, see *Journal of Psychological Medicine*, Vol. xiv. p. 590.

† *Cours de l'Histoire de la Philosophie Moderne*. Par Victor Cousin. 6me Légon.

‡ This painting is at present hanging in the picture gallery of the Crystal Palace, Sydenham.

large and powerful painting, in which suicide is treated melodramatically. The time is daybreak ; a golden-haired girl has just been fished out of the Thames, near one of the bridges, and brought to the head of the stairs by two watermen ; the body is held in the arms of a motherly-looking flower-woman, and the face of the unfortunate is illuminated by the bull's-eye lantern of a kneeling policeman, a girl with a basket of early wild-flowers on the head standing by and looking pityingly on. A body of wild revellers in masquerade costumes, crossing the bridge, comes suddenly upon the sad group, and from the startled and horrified face of the first reveller, a gentleman, who has a brilliant and laughing Traviata hanging upon his arm, we learn the history and source of the suicide's fall.

Without ascribing undue weight to these indications of suicide becoming, or seeming as if it were about to become, a favorite subject with our artists, or to the fact of certain fatalistic doctrines, of which suicide is advanced as one of the principal illustrations and proofs, being received with avidity by the reading public, it is well to ask to what such things might tend. The answer to this question is best derived, first, from a history of the modern aestheticism of suicide, which we have endeavored to sketch in this article ; and secondly, from an examination of the latest manifestation of this aestheticism, as exhibited in recent French literature. This we propose to deal with hereafter. In conclusion we would repeat certain remarks that we have already made

use of in reference to this subject in the past series of this *Journal* :—

“ — Wherever Mr. Buckle's reasoning finds acceptance, it may be anticipated that it will lead to an unfortunate indifference to suicide in its social relations. Meriting neither praise nor blame, and uninfluenced by moral restraints, the act must be submitted to as a disagreeable necessity of every-day life, and we must accustom ourselves to it in the best way we can. And how will this be brought about ? Shall we rest content to have this revolting creation of a new Frankenstein hunting its victims day by day to death among us in commonplace ghastly guise ? Surely not. We shall strive to hide the most horrible features beneath a profusion of conceits ; we shall fence in the pathways of the demon with a wealth of fanciful sentiment, and, it may be, we shall end as many others have done . . . by enthroning an image of him, and worshiping it . . . Let us have a care. We have our present artists who find a charm in suicide ; we have an apologist for the act in certainly one of the most facile and attractive historical writers of the day ; and the prescriptions of both the law and the gospel in reference to it are in a great measure unheeded. This is not a bad starting-point and groundwork in favor of a reactionary movement, sympathetic of suicide, and if we do not take heed, we shall have our young men and maidens looking upon the deed as a matter of feeling, and not of morality. And so, in due time, we should come to hear the legitimacy of suicide babbled of at our firesides and in our workshops, while sympathy would find an outlet in song.” *

* *Journal of Psychological Medicine*, vol. xii. p. 601.

M. VOGEL, THE AFRICAN TRAVELLER.—Our contemporary, *Cosmos*, states that M. Hartmann, recently returned from the Upper Nile, has communicated the following letter to M. Vogel, containing unlooked-for intelligence respecting his unfortunate son, the African traveller : “ In June of last year (1860), when travelling with my friend Baron Barnim (since carried off by a fever), I met at Rasères, on the River Bleu, the elephant-hunter, Evangelisti, who told me that a native of Bauman had imparted to him the important intelligence that E. Vogel is kept close prisoner at Wara (in the

Wadai) ; that the sultan makes use of him as an adviser, but that he is so strictly watched that escape is impossible. The information, though far from being authentic, is, nevertheless, of a nature which will, doubtless, cause Dr. Henglin, who is now conducting an expedition through the above country, to use every effort to ascertain whether M. Vogel be alive.” M. Hartmann adds, that the embassy sent in September last, by the pacha of Egypt, to Darfour will, in all probability, obtain some information respecting M. Vogel ; and that this is the more probable, as the sultans of Wadai and Darfour are on amicable terms.—*Athenaeum*.

From The Examiner.

Hora Subseciva. By John Brown, M.D., F.R.S.E. A Second Series. Edmonston and Douglas.

THE second volume of Dr. Brown's leisure talk is as good as the first; indeed it is better, for although it does not contain another story so good as that of "Rab and his Friends," it is more uniformly entertaining. The anecdote is abundant; so abundant, indeed, as to give the book some of that sort of popularity which has been so well earned by Dean Ramsay's "Recollections;" the natural expression of the writer's mind is as honest and more unrestrained; there is the same genial appreciation of genius and worth, the same sense of poetry as well as of fun; and deeper chords are struck. A letter to Dr. Cairns which supplied some of the material for a memoir of his brother minister, prefixed to a posthumous volume of discourses, Dr. Brown now includes in his book, giving recollections of his father written with profound tenderness, though often playful in their tone. Subject and treatment work together on the reader's mind. Both are so full of human truth, and find their way straight to the heart with so manly a simplicity, that we can hardly point to a short memoir from any hand that we think better than this "Letter to John Cairns, D.D." Quotation from it would be easy, but we leave it untouched to be read and felt in its own place, and turn to more trivial matter.

Here is a good story—not at all comic—which we may quote entire, a fair example of the author's skill in anecdote:—

"HER LAST HALF-CROWN."

"Hugh Miller, the geologist, journalist, and man of genius, was sitting in his newspaper office late one dreary winter night. The clerks had all left, and he was preparing to go, when a quick rap came to the door. He said 'Come in,' and, looking towards the entrance, saw a little ragged child all wet with sleet. 'Are ye Hugh Miller?' 'Yes.' 'Mary Duff wants yer.' 'What does she want?' 'She's deeing.' Some misty recollection of the name made him at once set out, and with his well-known plaid and stick, he was soon striding after the child, who trotted through the now deserted High Street, into the Canongate. By the time he got to

the Old Playhouse close, Hugh had revived his memory of Mary Duff; a lively girl who had been bred up beside him in Cromarty. The last time he had seen her was at a brother mason's marriage, where Mary was 'best maid,' and he 'best man.' He seemed still to see her bright young careless face, her tidy shortgown, and her dark eyes, and to hear her banting, merry tongue.

"Down the close went the ragged little woman, and up an outside stair, Hugh keeping near her with difficulty; in the passage she held out her hand and touched him; taking it in his great palm, he felt that she wanted a thumb. Finding her way like a cat through the darkness, she opened a door, and saying 'That's her!' vanished. By the light of a dying fire he saw lying in the corner of the large empty room something like a woman's clothes, and on drawing nearer became aware of a thin pale face and two dark eyes looking keenly but helplessly at him. The eyes were plainly Mary Duff's, though he could recognize no other feature. She wept silently, gazing steadily at him. 'Are you Mary Duff?' 'It's a' that's o' me, Hugh.' She then tried to speak to him, something plainly of great urgency, but she couldn't, and seeing that she was very ill, and was making herself worse, he put half a crown into her feverish hand, and said he would call again in the morning. He could get no information about her from the neighbors; they were surly or asleep.

"When he returned next morning, the little girl met him at the stairhead, and said, 'She's dead.' He went in, and found that it was true; there she lay, the fire out, her face placid, and the likeness to her maiden self restored. Hugh thought he would have known her now, even with those bright black eyes closed as they were, *in eternum*.

"Seeking out a neighbor, he said he would like to bury Mary Duff, and arranged for the funeral with an undertaker in the close. Little seemed to be known of the poor outcast, except that she was a 'licht,' or, as Solomon would have said, a 'strange woman.' 'Did she drink?' 'Whiles.'

"On the day of the funeral one or two residents in the close accompanied him to the Canongate churchyard. He observed a decent-looking little old woman watching them, and following at a distance, though the day was wet and bitter. After the grave was filled, and he had taken off his hat, as the men finished their business by putting on and slapping the sod, he saw this old woman remaining. She came up, and, courtesying, said, 'Ye wad ken that lass, sir?' 'Yes; I knew her when she was young.' The wo-

man then burst into tears, and told Hugh that she 'keepit a bit shop at the Close-mooth, and Mary dealt wi' me, and aye paid regular, and I was feared she was dead, for she had been a month awin' me half a crown : ' and then with a look and voice of awe, she told him how on the night he was sent for, and immediately after he had left, she had been awakened by some one in her room ; and by her bright fire—for she was a *bein'*, well-to-do body—she had seen the wasted dying creature, who came forward and said, 'Wasn't it half a crown ?' 'Yes,' 'There it is,' and putting it under the bolster, vanished !

"Alas for Mary Duff ! her career had been a sad one since the day when she had stood side by side with Hugh at the wedding of their friends. Her father died not long after, and her mother supplanted her in the affections of the man to whom she had given her heart. The shock was overwhelming, and made home intolerable. Mary fled from it blighted and embittered, and after a life of shame and sorrow, crept into the corner of her wretched garret, to die deserted and alone ; giving evidence in her latest act that honesty had survived amid the wreck of nearly every other virtue.

"My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."

Dr. Brown is a friend of dogs. He cherishes and knows them, and in his chapters on "our dogs" describes them with the humor of a friend. He believes also great things of the dog understanding.

"Mr. Carruthers' of Inverness, told me a new story of these wise sheep dogs. A butcher from Inverness had purchased some sheep at Dingwall, and giving them in charge to his dog, left the road. The dog drove them on, till coming to a toll, the toll-wife stood before the drove, demanding her dues. The dog looked at her, and, jumping on her back, crossed his forelegs over her arms. The sheep passed through, and the dog took his place behind them, and went on his way."

From an anecdotal essay upon presence of mind we quote one or two more stories.

"Robbie Watson, whom I now see walking mildly about the streets—having taken to coal—was driver of the Dumfries coach by Biggar. One day he had changed horses, and was starting down a steep hill, with an acute turn at the foot, when he found his wheelers, two new horses, utterly ignorant of backing. They got furious, and we outside got alarmed. Robbie made an attempt to pull up, and then with an odd smile took his whip, gathered up his reins, and lashed the entire four into a gallop. If we had not seen his face we would have thought him a maniac ; he kept them well together, and shot down like an arrow, as far as we could see to certain destruction. Right in front at the turn was a stout gate into a field, shut ; he drove them straight at that, and through we went, the gate broken into shivers, and we finding ourselves safe, and the very horses enjoying the joke. I remember we emptied our pockets into Robbie's hat, which he had taken off to wipe his head. Now, in a few seconds all this must have passed through his head—'that horse is not a wheeler, nor that one either ; we'll come to mischief ; there's the gate ; yes I'll do it.' And he did it ; but then he had to do it with his might ; he had to make it impossible for his four horses to do any thing but toss the gate before them. . . .

"One more instance of nearness of the *Now*. A lady was in front of her lawn with her children, when a mad dog made his appearance, pursued by the peasants. What did she do ? What would you have done ? Shut your eyes and think. She went straight to the dog, received its head in her thick stuff gown between her knees, and muffling it up, held it with all her might till the men came up. No one was hurt. Of course she fainted after it was all right."

There are few books giving the enjoyment of talk with a clever, well-read, genial and individual man, who speaks for himself through a strong sense of hearty fellowship, that are more likely to give pleasure to a reader in any mood than Dr. John Brown's *Horæ Subsecivæ*.

From All the Year Round.
THE LAST LEWISES.

A WELL-BELOVED.

ON the frieze of worthies who have glorified these last two centuries may be made out distinctly the figures of no less than *two* fat Regents. We can point with a just pride to our First Gentleman of Europe, and unrivalled Adonis of fifty; and our French neighbors, competing with us in that line of article, can lay their finger on an antecedent Regent who was fat also, dreadfully partial to the ladies, coarse and unmannerly; in fact, conspicuous for all the first-gentlemanly qualities.

About the time, then, that a poor old grand monarch, gasping on his death-bed, discovered the hollowness of that trick to cheat him of his crows'-feet and wrinkles, and that majesty was indeed, but in a wholly different sense, "of the age of all the world,"—about this time, the lamps being lighted, and the fiddles striking up cheerfully in the orchestra, the curtain rolls upwards briskly, and the new piece, with the new actors, begins. The original First Gentleman is the first figure that comes down to the front.

Would we know what manner of people were the fine ladies and gentlemen of these prime Bourbon days? Then let us put our eyes to the glass of this most curious raree-show. What a scene and what figures! One in the centre, to whom the rest do Kotoo; short, corpulent, with great round cheeks and inflamed countenance, a squint, an ungainly walk, a hoarse rough voice—this is the fat Regent. He had a great square face; and, when he opened his mouth, rows of white carnivorous tusks flashed out, very unpleasant to look on. Fat Regent the First loved the table to the full as much as fat Regent the Second, and feasted enormously. He loved his bottle also very dearly, and got drunk in a strictly gentlemanly way upon Tockai (so the partial parent spells it) and champagne. But the terrible orgies—lasting from five o'clock in the evening until late next morning, where he collected the vilest elements, affectionately styled by him his "roués," and to which society he did not scruple to introduce his daughter—have, perhaps, most of all contributed to the reputation of this model First Gentleman. Dusty, travel-stained couriers arrive with pressing despatches; but the doors are barred,

and business must wait until his highness has slept off his last debauch.

It is that notorious old Duchess "Douairière," reigning princess of scandal-mongers, who furnishes us with the best and most copious details. The terrible old lady positively scares us with her vile stories, and though her editors have been hard at work "deodorising" her letters, some delightful bits remain behind, very wicked, and I fear very entertaining. She was proud of her child; and tells of his artless trolics with an appalling unction, and a smirk of maternal affection. She grins and chatters over his vices, and mumbles out how he graduated in iniquity at the early age of thirteen. She is angry, and chides him for that free life of his; but it is because he shows such bad taste and indifference in the matter of good looks. And yet a panegyrist of this old harridan, speaks in touching language of her "solid piety," and of the "grandeur of her sentiments," which, panegyrist fears, "made of her *only too perfect an exemplar* for the common run of women to hope to imitate."

Suddenly there comes bounding on the stage, into the very heart of this polluted atmosphere, a pretty boy, full of life and gayety. He has the richest brown hair, tossing in curls on his shoulders, the most brilliant black eyes, and the handsomest figure in the world. The court ladies soon found out that he had a pretty hand, and a most elegant leg, and, we may be sure, contrived to let him know it. It was discovered, with admiration, that he put his hat on exactly as the late king did, and no one put on a hat like the late king. They said he danced "like an angel." A hundred little traits are recorded of his amiability, his naïveté, his taste for innocent amusement. He wept when his governess was taken from him, calling her his "dear maman," presenting her with jewels of some six thousand pounds' value. He was shrewd and clever, and actually wrote—or had written for him—a little geographical treatise on "The Rivers of Europe." This the courtiers voted a prodigy of genius. He was smart. "Lord, how ugly he is!" said the lively youth, as a rather plain-featured prelate was presented to him. The bishop looked at him sourly and walked away, saying, "What an ill-bred boy!" and it began to be whispered that in Master Louis a spice of malice was showing itself.

There were serious questions abroad and at home then pressing; the finances in frightful disorder; the navy in a state of dry rot, moral and physical; but the court was absorbed with far more important matter. What was Universal Dry Rot to the exciting question of the Cap and the Crossing of the Floor with which men's minds were now agitated? Was the President of the Parliament to take off his cap? Who were entitled to this salute? Who had the right of going round by the benches, and who that of crossing the floor diagonally? These famous questions very justly made a great noise at the time. The two governors of the king taking him out to drive one day, fell into a hot dispute about their places in the carriage; and it being found impossible to arrange this affair, the drive had to be given up. The life-guardsmen and gendarmerie presently fell out about *their* order of riding with the king's carriage, and the dispute could only be settled by nicely allotting the right of the hind wheel to the gentlemen of the guard, and the fore wheel to the gendarmes. Those nice impalpable refinements about the "familiar entry" and the "bedroom entry," the "grand entry" and the "first entry;" the confounding of which degrees was matter of life and death. Noodle, who had the familiar entry and could actually see the king as he lay in bed, was more beatified than Doodle, who had only the first entry, and could see the king up and in his dressing-gown. This butterfly spawn—they were not men or women—were fretting and breaking their hearts for promotion from one rank to the other; but the man to whom royalty, stepping into its sheets, handed the bed-chamber candlestick was trebly blessed, and went next day frantically proclaiming his triumph, and made others burst with envy. Only the other day we heard of some young Bourbons gravely holding "pour-parler" over the grand question of a flag—was it to be the old white flag or the tricolor? and there results a noble yielding of the point on one side, and what is called a "Fusion!" Poor fools, and with no flagstaff to fly it from! This playing with bits of ribbon, and fleurs-de-lys, and flags and such toys, runs in the family. They are all chips, not of the old block, for there is no old block to get chips off, but of the old bending rotten reed.

In what a corrupt hothouse is the young

royal lily reared! The air is heavy with unwholesome scents; through which pierces a sharp reeking vapor from the festering mass underneath. It is a sewer painted and gilded over; it is corruption glorified. There is an old church legend of an angel leading a youth, and their meeting a dead dog in the last stage of decomposition, the odor of which made the youth nearly faint, but affected the angel not at all; and of their falling in with, by and by, a fine and elegant young man in gorgeous raiment, and breathing round him clouds of musk; on which the angel turned sick in his turn, revolting from the odor of vice which overbore the musk. This quaint apologue is a type of this age. How shall the bright handsome youth with the flowing curls—who still says his prayers and confesses—pass through untainted? The stairs, the galleries, the saloons are packed close with fauns and satyrs in beautiful snowy bag-wigs, in the bleu de roi coats overlaid with gold and flaps, in lace ruffles and swords—the most elegant creatures in the world, only their hairy limbs and cloven hoofs are hidden carefully in those blushing silk hose. Packed closely, too, with sweetly powdered wood-nymphs and Eastern odalisques, brilliant in the glow of the rouge-pot, beehooped, beflowered, bepatched. Exquisite dainty bits of Sèvres porcelain; but, alack! cracked all of them. Ever so slightly, the little faint lines crossing faintly, but still cracked. Here are the famous peaches, all at three sous, of younger Dumas; choice fruit, with the slightest little discoloration on one side. There was no uncomfortable straight-lacing, no cramping moral shackles. It was the gayest, liveliest, wittiest, prettiest, and I fear—in fact, I am sure—the freest society in the universe.

In those days it was an eternal jokery. Those old clumsy weapons of reason, and argument, and syllogism, and good sense, as applied to serious matters and affairs of state, were never so much as dreamt of; such rusty weapons were powerless. But the quip, the quatrain, the mot, and the calembourg, fell in light showers, and were worth the whole Ars Logica. And it must be confessed that the little sparkling, hissing trifles thus turned, by the ladies chiefly, are, for neatness and pungency, of the very highest order. The fine ladies fell out with one another, and spat at each other little rhymed personalities, which

were handed round the court and enjoyed. Little personal imperfections, such as madame's "skinny throat," and madame's suspected "tendresse" for her bottle, were all fair game. The beautiful ladies, unhappily, "se grisaient"—exceeded in their cups—rather often, and awkward accidents were the results. A poor lady, one of the belles of the day, strayed out of the staid cloisters of sobriety in the company of some of the elegant gentlemen of the court, and in that helpless state was nearly blown up with fireworks, and dreadfully burnt at the hands of these playful spirits. Gentlemen pretended to be short-sighted in chapel, and would kneel down *on* some old duchess, taking her for a prie-Dieu. Songs and epigrams were of course the fruit of these pranks. Still the young king stepped lightly over the silken nets and the golden gins and snares hidden with flowers, and, flung himself into hunting and fowling with a positive fury. He was a Royal Young Meadows, singing, by anticipation,—

"—who cared a jot,
For he envied them not,
While he had his dog and his gun!"

To which objects of affection let there be added also, his wife, on whom he doted, as boy-husbands do.

I fear very much that this virtuous lady was (innocently) at the bottom of the mischief that followed. She was too austere, too rigid a paragon. She repelled his fondness coldly, and thought "most loving mere folly." Therefore she had soon to sing "Heigh-ho the holly!" With the Lurleis and water-nymphs singing and waving their long arms, and growing bolder every day, she could not have been too careful. The vile crew about him found him in a moment of irritation, chilled by her austerity, and artful Mephistopheles Richelieu, their accredited agent, is at hand with a bait. Down goes the light paling of virtue and decency: the first of the four sisters is installed as titular sultana, and the whole court rejoices. Alas! for the youth with the flowing brown locks, who was so pious, and cared not a jot while he had his dog and his gun. These pastimes were now found insipid. "Je n'aime pas les plaisirs innocents," said a fine lady whom her careful husband had taken down to the country. The reign of Sardanapalus the Second has begun. It is no longer succession of ministries of men

in power, but of sultanas. Mothers educate and beautify their daughters with a view to this proud distinction, closing their eyes in peace and happiness if they have seen them thus provided for. From a royal king he becomes a royal sultan, and from a royal sultan a royal swine. How loathsome, how sickening the details! We turn away our eyes, blushing, from that rout of painted, brazen creatures, and are thankful that we have no such degrading era to soil our history, not even the days of that lax person with the little dog who was but too indulgently called the Merry Monarch.

Our dramatic situation stands out effectively: that scene round the sick-bed at Metz, when Sardanapalus had roused himself to go to the wars. Among the camp equipages lumbered along a huge berline containing the painted ladies of the royal suite, at whom the soldiers jeered and sang insulting songs even under the royal windows. Was this not degrading enough for Bourbon majesty? And soon after Sardanapalus falls sick. The scene, I say, is splendidly dramatic. The royal roué in the centre tossing miserably on his bed in fever, moaning, now bled in the foot, now purged, now bled again, and wholly given up to the experiments of ignorant quacks. The painted ladies and their esquires and agents are creeping about on tiptoe, whispering, plotting, counterplotting, and trembling, while their arch-embassy Richelieu keeps the door fast against all comers who may whisper danger—even against the princes. One forces his way in boldly with "Lacquey, do you dare to stop me?" and at the breach enters, too, a tall, stern figure, in the purple and lace and the gold cross of a prelate, who, stooping to the king, breathes the word "Confession." It was Fitzjames, Bishop of Soissons. Now was about to be played an embodiment of the old legend which sings how, when Great Nameless was sick, Great Nameless would enter a monastic order, but when he got well, he was any thing in the world (rather *out* of the world) but monastic. Sardanapalus is impatient, and will not believe in danger, like most of his name and kind. Time enough to-morrow. Stern prelate persists. His majesty can begin to-day and finish to-morrow. The light ladies are gasping outside, and one breaks in and rushes to his pillow. "Go away, go away," says Sardanapalus half crying, "we have

been very wrong;" and presently feeling a strange sensation, he roars loudly for a confessor and faints off. The confession is made, and as a first point the stern bishop sends notice, "by order of his majesty," to the ladies to pack up and begone forthwith. They hang down their eyes and look at each other, but their esquire Richelieu steps forward. "Mesdames," he says, "if you have only courage to remain, and brave the order wrung from a sick man, I will take it all on myself." "Ah! is it so?" said the stern prelate, turning on him with flashing eyes. "Then let the churches be shut, so that the disgrace may be more conspicuous, and the reparation due to an outraged Lord more complete!" The ladies were cowed, they and they champion, and slunk away. But the stern bishop was not done with them: "Sire, the canons of the Church forbid us to administer the Viaticum while these persons are in the city. Your majesty is at the point of death. There is no time to lose."

The wretched creatures were literally hooted from the town. Then was the communion administered. "Oh," snivels Sardanapalus, "what an unworthy king I have been!" Yet one more sacrifice is demanded by the stern prelate, who calls in the whole world, and tells them that his majesty has charged them to say how sincerely he repents of these awful scandals, etc. The crowd murmurs, "He is killing our king," and scowls fiercely at the priest. But I confess, looking back to that scene—to the figure of the stern prelate doing his duty fearlessly and almost harshly, in the midst of that crew of valets, lords, and dukes, who were lower even than valets—we feel it is the only wholesome bit of fresh air that has come to us from that reign. Had he no suspicion, this by-and-by bishop, of what was to come? I suspect he knew the pie-crust character of this repentance. Sardanapalus gets well (as did the horned gentleman who would be a monk), grows sulky and moody, and wears his new penitential dress but ill. By and by he gives a cold cheek to the queen, and lets her know that her conjugal attentions are boring him. He returns to Paris to a populace drunken with joy, and who christen him the Well-Beloved: and on that very evening is on his knees before the old sinful shrine! O good Bishop Fitzjames, not by any degree too stern;

though exiled through an unworthy spite, you shall take with you a consciousness of having done your duty.

This most Christian Sardanapalus was later induced to show himself at that famous fight at Fontenoy, where with a dull insensibility he would keep himself on an exposed hill. It was the day of the "terrible English column," whose "rolling fire," a courier writes, "was really infernal;" and of that Irish brigade who fought so desperately. "It was a glorious sight," writes another enraptured loyalist, "to see the king and dauphin *writing upon* a drum, surrounded by the conquerors, the conquered, the dead, and the dying. It was the last flickering up of any thing like spirit in the breast of Sardanapalus; for he was now to receive the tap of the pantomime wand, and become a right royal porker.

Henceforth how shall it be with that poor France under direction of this courtesan camarilla? While they were busy with their right of the cushion and the cap, and the presentation of the Pompadour at court, and such wretched mummeries, that fair and beautiful country was falling into frightful disorder. Every thing went wrong—money, trade, morals, fighting on sea and land—*excepting taxes*. But the ministry of the fine ladies could not see beyond the palace gardens. They had heard, indeed, of laborers and industrious farmers, who were far down in the country districts, and made up the population; but they were not officially cognizant of them. If there were such in being, let them pay taxes, and thus tangibly substantiate their existence. Was not Paris France, and Paris again the king's *palacé*? Everywhere the national honor was disgraced. Those heavy moral English islanders beat their armies, beat their "marine," stripped them of those beautiful colonies and settlements far off in the East. It reads comically to see how fleet after fleet was fitted out and sent away, only to be sunk, battered, and captured by those incorrigible English. The grand scented counts with the sonorous names who commanded, usually fell out amongst each other; inferior captains appointed by the ministers, lost the battle to spite superior captains appointed by the Pompadour; and when the rough English admirals, the Pococks, Hawkes, and Kempenfeldts of that school hove in

sight in the offing, the craven courtiers pretended to mistake the signal, and were seen crowding all sail in retreat. Crossing to Italy in the well-appointed vessels which sail from Marseilles, we shall see many of these heroes pointing fiercely at smoke, and looking down on us from medallions as we dine. You may be sure the British lion, as he sips his soup in the saloons, has his joke at these commodores. Still there was a brave man or two among them who fought us ship to ship, and, it must not be concealed, beat us too. A tout seigneur, tout honneur. Alack! it was this principle that ruined every thing in France. Seigneurs got it all: there was none for the brave.

Meantime, royal Louis waxes old, and that court miasma thickens. We may not lift the veil which hangs over those later days. Things come about, not to be named, nor so much as hinted at. All things become demoralized, and strange rumors fly abroad. Now, a child or two has been stolen, and it is said that the Well-Beloved has been ordered baths of children's blood. Now, there were mysterious deaths, suspected poisonings in cups of coffee, and half a dozen persons of quality die unaccountably within a week of each other. Now, it is known that the loose seigneurs send out press-gangs who range the streets, and carry off young women. There is no order, no justice, no morals, no money. No justice, certainly; else that vile marquis, who stripped the young girl and gashes her over with a penknife, and filled up the gashes with melted sealing-wax; and then, flying to his country seat, collected the young ladies of his village at a ball, and poisoned them, out of pure devilishness with cantharides pills; otherwise, I say, this wretch would not have been let off with a fine of fifty francs. As we approach the end, horrors accumulate. The pages of the Memoirs are smeared with hideous spots. Old Heliogabalus, worn out, usé, moody, deaf, not able to mount his horse without a stool, casting about with those bleared eyes for some stimulant, still totters in the centre. Grown now to be a puppet, he is helpless among them all. He writes orders for money, and the bearers comes back to him to tell how the treasurer has bade them go to the Devil. "But the king says I am to be paid." "Well, let *him* pay you, then!"

Presently Heliogabalus falls sick. Let us hurry to the end quickly, and get out into open air.

There was a pet marquis who fell down dead at a whist party, who, it was said would die exactly six months before the king; an event which preyed upon the royal Heliogabalus. They tell how actually before the six months were out, foul Small-pox came in and seized the old sinner in his malignant grasp. It was an appropriate disease. An English physician, named Sutton, offered his skill, but was kept out until the last minute by the jealousy of the royal quacks. Again was the old drama of the Great Nameless turning monk renewed, and the bishops and priests sent for. There were to be the sacraments administered; and again was the battle of the light lady to be fought out over the sick-bed. Once more did a simple cure struggle to the room, and protest firmly that the king *must* be told of his danger. "You shall be flung from the window," said one of the unholy crew about the bed, "at the first word." "If I am not killed by the fall," said the courageous priest, "I shall enter by the door again." At last it was done, the confession made, Viaticum administered; and then the Crew, seeing the game was up, fled. Fled! not one remained of the whole company of demireps and noble valets; while miserable Heliogabalus writhed and tossed in his fiery bed, and roared and shrieked to God for mercy, and bathed himself in holy water, and called himself the greatest sinner in the world. Then the black spots of gangrene broke out all over him, and his flesh literally rotted from his bones, and he raved and shrieked on for mercy. In all this horrid scene I see one glimpse of light, which shows me four figures kneeling by him always, never quitting him night nor day: the three outraged, insulted, angelic daughters, and a faithful priest.

Is it not awful, terrible, this end of Heliogabalus the Well-Beloved? We may hope, we may charitably pray, but we fear. That frightful agony, as he passed out of the threshold of his life, may have done something; but there stands against him, immutable, the old warning, coming true almost always, that trees must lie—even royal oaks—as they fall. This vile nightmare of a drama is done at last. Hearken how the dirge rises, the priests sing *Dies iræ* as the procession moves on to Saint-Denis. Hearken, too, how the populace howls and spits and insults the body, and sing vile songs as it passes. It is very terrible! Requiescat in pace! Now the black folds of the curtain have come down, let us hurry away and see the new king.

From The Saturday Review.

BUCKLE'S HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION.*

MR. BUCKLE's second volume is exactly what might have been expected from his first. There is the same power of grouping materials in a readable form, the same ardor in working out a great subject, and the same fertility in suggesting thoughts which, if not very true, are worth inquiring into to see whether they are true or not. On the other hand, there is the same want of definiteness and clearness in the general conception, the same heaping together of irrelevant and undigested information, and the same want of dignity, sobriety, and courtesy. The language which Mr. Buckle permits himself to use, betrays a perfectly childish delight in annoying his adversaries. He goes into the utmost extravagance of expression when any of his stock subjects of aversion are to be mentioned. Charles I. is "that great criminal." The punishment of death is said to be properly reserved for "despots who, like Charles, conspire against their country." Episcopal ordination is stated to be "an idle and childish farce." An historian is perfectly at liberty to blame Charles I. and to express a disapprobation of the Episcopal form of Church polity. But this blurt out of offensive phrases is the pastime of a schoolboy in his debating society, or of a Radical tailor at his pothouse, rather than of a writer on a great and grave subject. It points to a most serious defect in Mr. Buckle's mind—to a total want of that power to understand those from whom he differs, which is indispensable to an historian. And it also points to a serious defect in Mr. Buckle's training. Most persons feel the pleasure of applying hard names and insulting terms to their opponents, but almost all educated persons find an opportunity of gratifying and satiating in early life so trumpery a passion. Boys and young men utter any opinions in any language. They go to their unions or gatherings, and have a good fight on some favorite subject of quarrel. One party bellows out that Charles I. was a saint, and another that he was a perjured villain. As they get older, they begin to see that all their fury comes to very little, and under the guidance of steadier minds take to studying

history seriously, and try to understand the position, the character, the difficulties, the sorrows, and the prejudices of the man against or for whom they used once to rant. Mr. Buckle writes as if, for the first time in his life, he had now obtained a vent for those boyish ebullitions of which men who have been thrown with their fellows are generally ashamed by the time they attain their majority.

Mr. Buckle, in this second volume, undertakes to show that civilization has been retarded in Spain and Scotland by the influence of the clergy, and that the special mode in which their influence has operated in each country is the exclusion of scientific knowledge. To his whole line of argument the objection may be made that Mr. Buckle nowhere tells us distinctly what he means by civilization, and that, so far as he gives us indirectly to understand his meaning, his conception seems very imperfect. He seems to imply that the great criterion of civilization is the decay of superstition and the acceptance of the principle of toleration. Undoubtedly this is part of civilization, if by civilization is meant an approach to the best state of society of which man, so far as we know, is capable. But it is only a part. Mere toleration, the mere destruction of superstition, may easily consist with the total destruction of all religious feeling and the total withdrawal of all that is highest and noblest in the emotional life of man. So far as we see, a French *philosophe* of the last century would answer perfectly to Mr. Buckle's ideal of a civilized man. If so, what is the good of civilization? Why should any one take the trouble to dance and sing because civilization advances? That the philosophers of the eighteenth century rendered a great service to civilization, by pushing one side of it, is very true. But then it was only one side that they helped forward. The problem of civilization is not only to abate superstition and inculcate toleration. It is also to preserve what is vital in religion, and to stimulate the highest aspirations of the heart. That the Spanish and Scotch clergy have been exceedingly wanting in any love for, or even endurance of, toleration, is quite true; but it does not at all follow that they have not been contributing towards the development of the other side of civilization. Of the Spanish clergy we do not pretend to

* *History of Civilization in England.* By Henry Thomas Buckle. Vol. II. London: Parker, Son, & Bourn. 1861.

know much, but the Scotch clergy have fostered in Scotland a great amount of genuine, fervent, and noble religious feeling. This is a most important contribution to the general advance of the Scotch nation. So an accession of that common sense and that extended knowledge which would cure the Scotch of their blind acceptance of Puritan dogmatism, and of their superstition about the sabbath, would be a very great gain to them. But when two things are necessarily joined in order that the highest good should be realized, it is a great mistake to attend only to one.

It is true that Mr. Buckle objects to the whole creed of the Scotch and Spanish clergy. He thinks all theology and all theological systems a mistake; and, therefore, it might be argued that he ought not to be said to overlook a part of civilization which he condemns. That he should openly say that he thinks the creed of Christendom erroneous shows great courage, and we wish to pay a hearty tribute to his fearlessness. It is a good thing that we should have some open speaking in an age and country where there is so much of half-thinking and half-speaking. Mr. Buckle is perfectly at liberty to state his opinion that physical science will soon show that it can destroy all belief in the supernatural. But then he avows his desire to see a pure religious feeling of some sort, and this suggests two remarks. In the first place, there ought to be far more frequent traces of a careful inquiry into the nature, the sources, and the possibility of a religious feeling apart from a religion than appear in his volume. He does not appear to us to have set definitely before him what he means by this religious feeling, and what is its relation to the constitution of man. And in the second place, supposing that a religious feeling of some sort is a part of the ultimate and highest destiny of man, there is not the slightest reason for doubting that a belief in particular religious systems is an important and perhaps indispensable preliminary. The Scotch clergy may, for all that we can gather from Mr. Buckle's book, have been paving the way for the expansion of that religion, or religious feeling, which will survive the destructive operations of physical inquiry. They may, in short, have been powerfully aiding the progress of civilization.

Mr. Buckle's chapter on the poor, uneducated, silly Puritan preachers is very amusing. He collects a great variety of odd stories about them, and shows how ready they were to claim a special glory for themselves, how their fears or their hopes gave a coloring of the supernatural to every thing around them, and how they bullied and frightened their flocks. Mr. Buckle has a great turn for putting together a vast quantity of illustrations of a general proposition, and it is very curious to see what these preachers thought and taught. But what is the exact purpose of all this most elaborate exposure of the follies of the Covenanting preachers? If any one requires to have it proved to him that Protestants can be as tyrannical and as credulous as Catholics, here is abundant proof; and if any one is unaware that a very uneducated clergy, taken from the lower ranks of society, devoid of all superintendence from better-trained minds, and living in a time of persecution, danger, and passionate excitement, is apt to do and say many things which the sober judgment of the learned who live at ease cannot quite approve, he may glean a lesson once for all from these anecdotes of the Scotch clergy in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But when we have got so far, what further step are we to take? Mr. Buckle does not appear to us to give at all a fair picture of the Scotch clergy, nor to throw much light on the general history of the ministers of the Scotch religion, nor, so far as appears, to show us the true state of the Scotch intellect at the period. The Scotch clergy would be exceedingly ill-appreciated and understood if they were to be judged only by the extravagances of their discourses and writings. They gained the hearts of their flocks by their fervent piety, by the earnestness of their moral indignation, by the completeness with which their life was hid in Heaven. The very small degree to which Mr. Buckle has penetrated the true character and history of such men may be gathered from the persistency with which he treats them, and all ministers of religion, as almost exclusively guided by a selfish wish for power, money, and aggrandizement. Every priest is in his eyes a bird of prey, a robber, and an intriguer. He gives us to understand that he is up to all the tricks of

the knaves, and that he sees through the clergy of all sects. We thought that so very primitive and simple a view of the general character of the Christian clergy had been exclusively appropriated years ago by the cheap Sunday press. Nor have we any very sure guarantee that the illiterate ministers of the days of the Covenant, driven from one post of danger to another, are fairly to be taken as the representatives of the Scotch intellect in their time. Supposing an historian a century hence were to judge of the intellect of England by the silliest tracts and sermons of our day, he would be doing very much what Mr. Buckle does when speaking of the most successful epoch of Scotch Presbyterianism. There may have been many ways in which the Scotch mind was working at the time, although no books of a high kind have come down to us; and the intellect of a nation may be shown very imperfectly by the casual printed effusions that have had the chances to be preserved. We do not see how we are to be certain that a Scotchman of the seventeenth century would not have protested strongly against the intellect of his generation being judged of by extracts from the sermons of the Covenanters. Every Sunday in England there are absurdities of the kind, and even of the magnitude, described by Mr. Buckle, which are shouted out by the more zealous and uninstructed of all creeds and sects. We should know nothing more about England than we do already if some painstaking critic were to collect five thousand instances to show that Mr. Spurgeon and

preachers of his class were guilty of want of taste.

The general conception of the work, then, appears to us to be one-sided, for a most important part of civilization is omitted altogether; while the details are often curious, they are not directed to any point that needs proof or serves any end. The book is also disfigured by the little flourishes of animosity to which we have referred. But it nevertheless has considerable merits, and contains much that is very well worth attending to. Mr. Buckle has the art of giving readable summaries of facts, and as he is very careful and laborious in getting up his materials, he often puts before his reader a general view of portions of history which are interesting when presented in this way, although not attractive enough to form a subject of study. His account of the relations of the Spanish monarchy to the people, and of the struggle between the Scotch aristocracy and clergy, are excellent specimens of the amount of information which a writer who has this art can convey in a rapid and agreeable manner. Mr. Buckle also suggests many new and valuable modes of regarding groups of well-known actors or writers. His sketch of the great Scotch authors of the eighteenth century, and his attempt to show that they were all connected together by using a deductive method in reasoning, is, perhaps, the best instance which this volume contains. Above all, Mr. Buckle's book is pervaded by a desire to attain truth, an interest in great problems, and a courageous resolution to say what he thinks, which separate all he writes from the productions of ordinary minds.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—The total number of visitors to the Gardens of the Zoological Society, in the Regent's Park, on Whit Monday, was 25,979: this was the largest number of persons that has ever been admitted to the Gardens in one day since their opening to the public in 1828; the nearest approach to this number having taken place on Whit Monday, 1857, when there were 23,014 visitors. It is gratifying to

learn that, under such extraordinary circumstances, no accident of any kind took place; the animals were in no way disconcerted by this great addition to the usual number of spectators, nor did the Gardens sustain any damage. It may be added, as an interesting incident of the day, that a fine female Giraffe was born during the forenoon, and seems likely to do well in spite of its first appearance at so inconvenient a moment.

From The Psychological Journal.
ON THE MORAL PHENOMENA OF INSANITY AND ECCENTRICITY.

BY THOMAS MAYO.

A STATE, which may seem to deserve the name of Moral Insanity, as exhibiting a perversion of the moral sentiments, tendencies, and perceptions, with no slight loss of self-control, must be recognized as often prominent in the early stage of mental disease, and before the intellect is palpably affected. When certain delusions, when delirium or incoherency supervene, the case obtains without question the name of insanity. While most cases begin in this way, a very palpable difference of a practical kind is made by many reasoners in nomenclature; some extending the epithet insane to all those who exhibit these moral phenomena, whether combined with intellectual perversion or not; others refusing to assign it, unless the intellectual lesion be also patent in the case. Up to this point in the history of mental affection the patient must be held, in their opinion, personally responsible for his conduct in a criminal sense; while, with those who are disposed to give moral phenomena an equal weight as pathognomonic of insanity with those of the intellect, the moral phenomena which, with the former, are only recognized as having been insane, when an intellectual aberration has also occurred, are at once recognized as possessing an independent right to constitute a lunatic.

The grounds on which an intellectual as well as a moral aberration are deemed necessary, where insanity is presumed to confer irresponsibility in regard to crime, appear to me good. I have seen no reason to question the importance of this rule, which certainly tends to maintain the boundaries of vice and madness, — so that a murderer should not escape justice on this kind of plea, unless he had superadded to the phenomena of moral disorder those of intellectual disorder; the assumption which underlies this argument being that so long as his intellect is unperverted, he will be found to possess a consciousness of the nature of the criminal act in relation to law. This has been argued by the writer of the present essay and by others, and appears to be a prevalent doctrine with the judges. But it does not form my present object to carry it

farther. I wish to guard against a certain apparent parity of reasoning which may leave both the patient and the public unprotected, should the moral symptoms of insanity obtain no recognition from the law until intellectual perversion has been recognized.

I have assumed that the patient may not with safety to society be considered legally irresponsible as mad while the moral stage, or what shall appear to be the moral stage, of the disease is alone perceptible in his motives and actions. But can the law give him no protection until then? He may destroy the comforts of his family and ruin their fortunes and his own; he may have become a bad father, a savage husband, a profligate and licentious member of society, and a total change of character may have occurred with these symptoms; but no false perceptions, no amount of delirium or incoherency may have given evidence that he is mad, on the principles on which I am supposing that state to be made good in the strict meaning of the term,—here is a difficulty which must not be overlooked, in connection with the above distinctions. In a word, I wish to establish the point, that a different practical criterion must be sought for as to what insanity means, where the case in question is one, in which the agent is claiming protection against the consequences of a crime, on the ground that he is irresponsible,—and where he and his family are claiming protection for themselves and surveillance for *him*, on the ground that he is unfit to manage his person and property. We cannot wait to clear up the question whether the definition of insanity, such as it ought to be, has been accomplished in the supposed case, so as to enable us to coerce it by a certificate of unsoundness of mind, before it has reached a Cenci *dénouement*, or such an one as Feuerbach brings forward in his work on jurisprudence, in which the lives of a whole family were saved by their concurring to put to death a homicidal father. The law will not permit the idea of insanity in the agent to plead his excuse when it knows that he is perfectly aware of the murderous tendency of his actions, and in being unable to resist them is only in the same predicament with every recognized aspirant to the gallows. On the other hand, while it refuses to him the protection of a madhouse against the

consequences of his criminal acts, it will feel—certainly it ought to feel—averse to deny him the preventive protection of a madhouse, when his friends claim it for him, both for his sake and their own, before a guilty outbreak has occurred.

I have observed that the judges of the land are willing to accept the definition of insanity, which I claim as appropriate when the plea is to confer irresponsibility; and they are right; but they will cease to be right, if they do not award the privileges of insanity at a less advanced stage of it when such may be the results of restraint and coercion.

There is no subject in which the inability of language to make good *practical distinctions* is more felt than in this. It expresses the tendencies of the rules to be laid down, rather than the exact occasions for their application. Thus, when irresponsibility in criminal cases has to be conferred on the *actual* delinquent with due protection to the interests of the public, the definition of insanity in its completest form must be predicated of him; where all that is required of the law amounts to the protection of the *possible* delinquent's person and family, it would appear quite sufficient that a case should be made out of inability to control such conduct as may reasonably be expected to culminate in insanity. It must be admitted that the variety of terms assigned in the medical certificates for the use of witnesses in designating mental lesion facilitates this operation.

Thus both social and individual interests require that the moral phenomena of insanity should be permitted to justify coercion and surveillance when the moral symptoms of insanity alone are present; and such are the considerations by which it appears to me that the doctrine of moral insanity should be estimated by the law. In this point of view, it is the early period of yet imperfect insanity; and thus viewed, it is not one head of a division of which insanity is the genus, as Pinel considers it, but a state almost always recognizable in the early condition of those who eventually become insane—though not always proceeding into that development or obtaining the genuine characteristic of the formed disease; viz., the intellectual lesion. The question whether a phase of this moral perversion justifies us in leaving it under the cognate condition called

eccentricity, or contains, though dimly perceived, those elements of deficient self-control which we may deem, not indeed exculpatory of criminal acts, but justificatory of our protecting the patient against himself—this question is full of difficulty. To an experienced psychologist there may be strong grounds in a given case, and that in very early life, for suspecting that false perception underlies what he would willingly call eccentricity. How may such phenomena be distinguished from eccentricity, so that the interference of the law may not become an unjustifiable interference with liberty or an unnecessary stigma to future life? The amount of self-control possessed by the patient must be taken into the account in reference to the probability that any such morbid perception should gain the mastery over him. It will often be an important indicant that such morbid impressions underlie his eccentricity, if he is noticed to make motiveless but voluntary gesticulations; if talking to himself he is observed to be occasionally talking to some one else, some imaginary personage; apparently motiveless conduct is always suspicious. An unreasonable fancy that he is watched and noticed is the rudiment often of a deep-rooted conviction that there is a conspiracy against him—one of the most frequent maniacal fancies when the intellectual development of the disease has been reached. Meanwhile, the class which I am describing is not the less under these singular influences, because they can sometimes play with them or use them with a cunning purpose. It is indeed difficult to find one's way through the intricacies of the *perverted* phenomena acting on the more *normal*.

The late Dr. Warburton and I were requested by our friend, the late Dr. Monro, with his usual solicitude on behalf of his patients, to help him towards solving a doubt which he entertained respecting the *existing* state of one of his patients. The man had labored more than once under unquestionably insane symptoms. But we ascertained that he was well aware of his state, as well as of the opinion entertained by the world in regard to such symptoms; and being a profigate and unprincipled fellow, knew how to encourage their evolution, when they were called for, by some infamous gratification or indecent *bizarrie*, as he much preferred an establishment to a

prison, which, as a perfectly sane man, he would have frequently incurred. He had divested himself of his abnormal symptoms to a remarkable degree when we saw him, and Dr. Monroe had been urgently called on to let him out by his unfortunate wife, because on his eventual enlargement, if not then permitted, he would, she said, terribly revenge himself on her.

Doubtless, these symptoms, wavering between eccentricity and insanity, but combined with vicious propensities, are often received into an asylum, when a prison would be more appropriate. I was told lately by Mr. Pownall, Chairman, I think, of the Brentford Quarter Sessions, the following anecdote respecting Oxford, who afterwards attempted the queen's life. Some time before that act he was brought before Mr. Pownall and another magistrate, on account of some very eccentric cruelty shown towards some fowls; and for this offence let off with a reprimand. Seeing Mr. Pownall some time afterwards, when in the penal wards of Bedlam—"Had you," said Oxford to that gentleman—"had you punished me when I was brought before you for that former offence, I should not now have been here."

In this point of view, the case of the Hon. Mr. Tuchet was probably a sad instance of mismanagement, both legal and educational. Mr. Tuchet wantonly shot the marker in a shooting gallery. Before this event, while this young gentleman was on the town in a state of progressively increasing discontent and *ennui*, if the eye of science had been brought to bear upon him, the observer might have possibly seen good reason for calculating upon his exhausting his powers of self-control so far as to acquire good grounds for claiming the protection of the law, before he had rendered his claim to that protection questionable or inappropriate by an act which, at that stage of abnormal conduct, assumed all the frightful character of murder. It is difficult, without more knowledge than we possess of the antecedents of this gentleman, to substantiate completely our hypothesis, but it may be plausibly suggested that he was protected by the decision of a court of justice from punishment for a great crime on the plea of insanity, instead of being prevented from committing that or similar crimes by early surveillance and detention. Meanwhile, the punishment which

he thus escaped was *legally* deserved, as he unquestionably well knew the murderous nature of the act which he committed at the moment of commission.

We are liable to the imputation of throwing out an intricate and entangled view of a subject, of which, however, the importance must be admitted. It must be remembered that no chart at present exists to guide us through the contra-indicants which embarrass us in our attempts to reconcile punishment with justice, where some amount of unsoundness of mind is admitted to exist—and coercion with the liberty of the subject, where the power of thought, though weakened, is not abolished. Whatever is the value of the distinctions which I am endeavoring to lay down, it is a painful reflection that the applying them in practice is left to so imperfect a method as the trial by jury. Surely, this is a task which better befits the judges of the land.

If in the above remarks I have maintained the opinion that insanity is incomplete as a ground of protection to delinquents, so long as its symptoms are ethical alone, and not intellectual also, I have not the less considered that it often requires to be made the subject of coercion and surveillance long before any unequivocal evidence of diseased intellect exists. This view opens out a large vista of duties belonging to the psychologist who presides over an asylum, both as to deciding when he may justly consider that its restraints, skilfully managed, will be applicable to a given case, and as to modifying the nature of those restraints and the modes of pleasure, comfort, and encouragement which the patient can bear, so that such patients may be tempted to take refuge in an asylum rather than be taken to it. In this way, and fulfilling these conditions, the proprietor of an establishment may well lay claim to a very high position among the practical philosophers of a country. The habits of mind which he thus forms may not only cure a morbid state, but develop unrecognized mental powers.

Nearly allied with these views, I may mention a very important change which is wanting in the entire education of this country. Certainly, as applied to the higher classes, it assumes as its object the regulation of character contemplated only in its normal state. The *ordinary* vices of the young obtain cor-

rection; but of the *extraordinary* and *eccentric* or *abnormal* elements of defective characters the school or college is kept ostentatiously clear. That is to say, the persons laboring under them are not treated, but expelled; and yet such persons, not deserving to be called mad, form a large element of society. I will illustrate these remarks by a few cases, with the treatment which they have appeared to suggest. I was consulted, many years ago, respecting a boy who, as he emerged out of childhood, showed a strong tendency to low company, unreasonable likes and dislikes, to what may be called general recklessness of character, and deficient sympathy with others; at the age of about thirteen he was sent to Rugby, and in a short time expelled from it, not roughly or depreciatingly, but as a case out of their department of education. But what was to happen next? It had clearly become a case for the discriminating management of a private tutor. But the private tutor, a clergyman of course, was equally worsted. A respectable farmer was next had recourse to, as likely to gratify the boy's taste for lower company than appertained to his social position, in the most creditable, or least discreditable, way. But this was turned by him to a bad account; and now sottishness and low company were closely besetting him. Consulted by his mother, I told her that the medical profession afforded to its members a larger knowledge of the human mind, than the church, the farmhouse, or the public school, and that this knowledge was wanted to him who should pretend to manage her son; and I promised to look out for some young member of our profession, who would undertake to travel with her son. The plan was accepted, and it answered; that is to say, a downward progress was arrested, and the subject of it was raised to a much higher pitch of moral worth and steadiness of character in which he has since remained. But a gentleman-like tone of mind has never been reached by him.

In another case of the same kind, circumstances permitted me to adopt a much bolder plan. He was a boy, aged about seventeen, who had by that time defeated almost every system of education, and had a fair chance of bringing himself to prison or the gallows, unless certain tendencies to indecency and to violence in his character either became

sufficiently marked to render him irresponsible as an undoubted maniac, or could be arrested or placed within his control. This was in the year 1831. A very excellent establishment in my neighborhood, in which I believed he might obtain this wanting education, as well as the positive restraint which some recent outbreaks appeared to justify, on the plea of unsoundness, gave me the means of subjecting this youth to the firm and passionless surveillance which only an asylum, or a place conducted in some measure on the principle of an asylum, can afford. The proprietor of it was well known to me as a gentleman of excellent judgment and an amiable character.

I took him to this establishment, in 1831, accompanied by his father and another relative, showed him at once into his apartment, and briefly told him why he was placed there, and how inflexible he would find his restraint until he should have gained habits of self-control. At the same time I pointed out to him the beautiful and wide grounds of the establishment, and the many enjoyments which he might command by conformableness. This I stated to him, in the presence of his two relatives, whom I then at once removed from the room. When I saw him about an hour afterwards, the nearest approach that he made to surprise or regret, was the expression, that "he never was in such a lurch as this before."

For about a fortnight he conducted himself extremely well. He then lost his self-command, kicked his attendant, and struck him with a bottle of medicine. On this I went over to see him. He vindicated himself with his usual ingenuity, but looked grave and somewhat frightened when I told him that, if he repeated this offence, he would be placed under mechanical restraint, not, indeed, as a punishment, but as a means of supplying his deficiency in self-control. He expresses no kindly or regretful feeling towards his relatives; but confesses the fitness of his treatment and confinement. It appears to me that he is *tranquillized* by his utter inability to resist. From this time, during his stay at the establishment, which I continued for fourteen months, no further outbreak against authority took place. He ceased to be violent, because the indulgence of violence would imply risk of inconvenience to himself, without

the comfort, which he had formerly derived from it, in exciting the anger of his friends and giving them pain. His attempts at sophistry were thrown away upon us; his complaints of the hardship involved in the nature of the restraints, imposed upon him, namely, the limitation to the grounds of an establishment, regular hours, and the constant presence of an attendant, were met by a calm affirmation that he had himself admitted the necessity of some control, and that he had surmounted every other form of it. I encouraged correspondence with myself; but when any one of his letters was insolent and wayward, I declined accepting the next letter until some time should have elapsed. He read much—for we supplied him with books; and I sometimes engaged him in literary conversation. Two or three times I obtained from him a tolerably well-construed Latin lesson. This, however, was to him a school of moral rather than intellectual advancement. A sustained attempt at tuition would have supplied, under present circumstances, too many opportunities of irritation between the teacher and the scholar. The *temper* requisite for the reception of knowledge and the cultivation of the intellect was *being formed*, and could not safely have been *assumed*. The same consideration induced me to postpone to him the motives and sanctions of religion. It gradually became observable, both to myself and the proprietor of the asylum, that he was becoming comparatively happy. He entered freely, and with little acrimony, into conversation with us. His complaints of the injustice of his detention became formal, and assumed the character of lodging a protest rather than making a remonstrance. Sometimes he very ingenuously admitted the freedom from unhappiness which he experienced in his present state, and compared it favorably with that in which he had previously lived, always wretched himself, but occasionally enjoying the miserable comfort of making others yet more wretched. In the course of several of my interviews, I observed the valuable influence exercised upon him by the fear of becoming irregular in mind through the indulgence of intemperate violence. The establishment itself had supplied him with a few cases in point. One young man, who had struck his father, and

from that time was a wretched maniac, drew his attention.

He generally dined alone. Occasionally, and by invitation, with Mr. N——'s family. He associated with some of the patients. He never made any attempt to escape from the place, in fact, he felt himself mastered, and submitted.

After he had been about a year in this place, he exhibited a trait of character which gave us pleasure. We found that he had given ten shillings to an attendant, by whom we had reason to believe that he had not been respectfully treated.

But the increasing quietness with which he adverted to, and remonstrated against his detention, most tended to assure us that we might soon bring it to a close.

The time indeed was now arriving at which it seemed reasonable to bring to a conclusion a method of treatment, which nothing could have justified in the case to which it was applied, except the extreme importance of the principle which it embodied, and the difficulty of finding any other means of carrying that principle into effect. Towards the end of the fourteenth month of his stay I obtained for my young friend, as a private tutor, a gentleman in whose family he should reside on leaving the establishment with three or four other private pupils; and I determined he should be removed thither by one of those relatives who had conveyed him to the establishment. At the private tutor's my young friend was considered gentleman-like and companionable; if opposed and thwarted, showed no symptoms of his ancient violence; waywardness was discoverable occasionally, but was no longer a property which defied self-control. On leaving his tutor's at the end of about a year, in order to commence professional studies, he dined and slept at my house, and conducted himself in a cordial and agreeable manner.

In order that the successful issue of this case verified as it has been by my subsequent inquiries, may not place the system under false colors, I may observe that I do not think it could have been carried out in this form but for certain points of character existing in the patient which adapted him to the treatment applied. Without possessing active courage, he had much firmness and

power of endurance; and although his scanty moral principle had not given him habits of veracity, yet he possessed in a high degree the tendency to think aloud; he was naturally frank. Indeed, the openness with which he would let out those thoughts, which it was most his interest to keep secret in his evil days, was in constant contrast with the perfect unfairness and disingenuousness of his arguments in support of *them* or in vindication of his conduct. Now, the firmness of his character enabled him to endure what would have shocked weak minds—the name of a madhouse; while his frankness made it impossible for him to conceal his thoughts and feelings, and thus enabled both myself

and the excellent proprietor of the establishment, perfectly to estimate the effect of our measures on his character while they were proceeding.

“Quis teneat vultus mutantem Protea nodo?”

In the above remarks I have endeavored to accomplish this kind of difficulty; for I have endeavored to discover means of identifying the moral phenomena of the insane state, as distinct from those which may be left to the expressive term eccentricity. And at the same time I have proposed to establish certain practical relations between these states through a modified application of the same principles of treatment to both.

THE INDIGNATION OF OIRELAND.

(THROUGH HER MIMBERS.)

WHAT! Oirishmen yield to the base love o' lucre?
The mighty Milesians be bought and be soold?
No! though Oireland fell flat when the Saxon forsook her,
Withdrawing the base brutal help of his gould.

I'st myself, ye say, offered to vote for the Budget,

If his mane Galway subsidy Pam would renew?

I fling the foul calumny back, where I judge it Will stick—in their throats that can hold the tale thrue.

Who dares say that I e'er to a job showed a lanin'—

That black is the white of my deep rollin' oye?

Let the dastard but say't, and, whenclare of his manin',

It's meself will be kickin' the ruffian skoy-hoigh.

Would I durty the hand that isclare of all stain-ing

Since the days of Mac Murrough and Brian Boru?

Would I stoop the proud head, that the Saxon disdaining,

Has still bid his laws, writs and bailiffs, “go to”!

If the purse of the Saxon was lyin' afore me,
Wid its cursèd contints, shoinin' bright on the lure,
D'ye suppose that I'd stoop? By the mother that bore me,
I'd pass by, wid contempt, and look down on the lure.

Or if to lay hands on't I e'er condiscinded,
'Twould be wid a vow, writ my bosom within,
That the dross I'd be usin', until it was indeed,
To damage the Saxons, that furnished the tin,

When you gave us your help, in the hour of our famine,
'Tis thir that we stretcht out our hands for your dole;
But the very same mouths that your victuals was crammkin'
Was mutt'rin' a curse on the base Saxon's soul.

And now, if your subsidy Galway accepted,
D'ye think 'twas to carry your low dirty mail?
No! the money she got, and small blame if she kept it,
Though the terrums of contract in keeping she fail.

Was our grand Celtic nature—that's po'thy incarnate—
To be held to your base Saxon toimes, Saxon toides?
Go muzzle the ocean, your gag it will spurn at—
Go fetter the wind, that your fetther deroides!

—Punch.

From The Saturday Review.

THE NERVES OF LONDON.

SUBTERRANEAN London will ere long be as busy a scene of jostling humanity as are now its crowded streets. Railroads have begun by steady sap to invade the domain of sewers—a domain in itself as intricate, as vast, and as unceasingly growing as the system of thoroughfares beneath which they burrow. But this is not enough. Gas, water, drainage, locomotion, do not supply all the needs of so enormous a community; for, in proportion as new districts are absorbed and become part of this huge human coral reef, does the demand grow imperative for a more and ever more artificial organization of the means whereby intercommunication between every part of such a metropolis may be maintained and quickened. And so, ground and underground being already occupied by the complex arrangements for supplying the physical requirements and gratifying the locomotive impulses of three millions of citizens, it is left to the air to become the medium for transmitting the more subtle element of their thoughts. Already men begin to look up and wonder at the cobweb of wires that is being spun over their heads, along and athwart streets and squares. With something like awe one sees—besides the long graceful catenaries of the two or three scarce visible lines that have hitherto traversed the sky and betokened the old-established high-roads of electric thought—new groups of long, dark cables, looped at intervals to strained wires that support them, and looking like the first radial “spinners” constructed by the spider to carry the finer and continuous tissue of his web. Already, as their long lines shoot, week by week, from street to street, these aerial cables are visibly triangulating London, and it will soon be every one's business to discover to which of several electric districts his street and house belong. The fact is, these cables are to bear to a system of telegraphy much the same relation as the main-pipes of the water and gas companies bear to our domestic supplies of the liquid which Londoners are content to drink, and of that foul, gaseous mixture which they as cheerfully pay for as if it were the purest light-producer that could be laid on to their dwellings. We are, in short, henceforward to have our telegrams “laid on.” It will

soon be the fault of every householder if he allows prejudices to prevent his transacting business from his domestic snugger, from his breakfast-table, nay, even from his bed.

The maledictions of an aesthetic few will certainly pursue Professor Wheatstone and the host of telegraphic inventors. For it is difficult to see the sky-line of every great thoroughfare barred by long, heavy sweeps of black rope crossing them at all uncouth angles and marring the effect of the vertical lines of many a fine façade, without feeling that the useful and the beautiful are in some way diverging further and further with the progress of science. On the other hand, what pleasanter news could reach the “business man” than this, that, by means of these ropes, and for the modest “sum of £4 per wire per mile per annum”—in short, for about the amount of his gas bill—he may secure to himself the talisman which, with more than the speed of Efreet or Jinn, shall ensure the carrying his behests to any part of London—nay, even put his private study in communication with his counting-house in the city, his warehouse in Liverpool, or his correspondents in Glasgow, in Paris, Petersburg, or, soon perhaps, in Pekin.

But what, it will be said, is there new in this? Surely, the system that served to place on our breakfast-tables some piquant speech on the great superiority of the working classes to the aristocracy, delivered at Birmingham or Manchester late on the preceding evening, ought to be equally efficacious in doing the work of intercommunication in a great city. But a closer inspection of that system shows that this is not the case. Thus, an apparatus of the extremest simplicity for writing at one end and for reading at the other (if we may use the expressions) is requisite, if every householder is to become his own telegraph clerk. Alphabetic systems, as substitutes for the sort of hieroglyphic systems now in use, have been invented—admirably ingenious ones—some of which could even be made to print the message at the other end of the wire; but they were slow in their action, and could only transmit some thirty letters or so in a minute. By new modifications of the apparatus, the process of writing or sending the message is much simplified, and is increased in rapidity of action to about one hundred

letters a minute. The counterpart to this—the process of reading or receiving the message—is of course proportionately rapid. This result has been attained mainly by a delicacy of construction that gives to these new instruments much the relation to the old ones that the works of a watch bear to the stronger machinery of an eight-day clock. In either case the smaller instrument works with less momentum in its parts from their greater lightness, and with greater rapidity in its movements from the smaller arcs through which these light and diminutive bits of machinery have to move. The result, too, is that in the new telegraph instrument, as in the watch, a far smaller power or impulse is requisite to communicate the required motion. A twofold advantage accrues from this. On the one hand, a means of producing the electro-motive force far simpler and more convenient than the voltaic battery, with its solutions and manipulation, can be employed; for a feebler current will do the work now than was necessary with the heavier instruments. On the other hand, from feebler currents being needed, and from the comparatively short distances these have to traverse in order to connect the furthest sundered limits of even this metropolis, wires of far smaller dimensions can be employed to convey these currents. The use of copper for the material of the wire is also rendered possible and convenient by this great diminution in the size of the wire; and copper is a far less sluggish conductor than iron, pure copper standing at the head of all conducting substances.

The battery employed to transmit the electric impulse along this delicate thread of metal is a form of the magueno-electric machine—one of the most beautiful of Faraday's splendid gifts to science. By the converse proposition to that established by C^rersted, that a magnet tends to place itself athwart a wire along which an electric current is passing, Faraday was enabled to show that a current having all the characters of one of voltaic electricity can be induced in a wire running athwart or winding round a magnetized bit of iron, so often as the magnetic repose, so to say, of the particles of that magnetic system is interrupted—as, for instance, by the sudden removal or replacement of its armature. By rapid rotation, such a removal and replacement of a piece of iron before

the poles of a magnet can be made to produce a series of electric impulses along a wire coiled around it; and electric impulses of this kind can be produced from a very small magnet which yet possess sufficient power to work the delicate instruments that have been described, even after traversing some one hundred and fifty miles of the ordinary coarse iron wire, or twelve miles of the extremely fine copper-wire now used by Mr. Wheatstone in his new cables.

But it is to the construction of these cables, and to their distribution over London, that the business world is to look for the effective working of the new system. The fine copper wires that have been mentioned as the conductors of the current would be too frail to resist the strain imposed on the iron lines now used. They are therefore merely suspended without strain, and at short intervals, from iron wires previously stretched tightly from post to post. But as each wire is to be, so to speak, a separate nerve attached to some special house, the demand from many householders would require the supply of a corresponding number of wires. Hence twenty, fifty, a hundred, or even many hundred of these little nerves are connected into a system. Each is carefully wound with a thin, almost invisible ribbon of the purest caoutchouc—and telegraphy is much indebted to the progress that has been made in the purification and treatment of that wonderful gum. Almost any number of these wires, thus varnished and protected from the damp, which in wet weather dissipates to a serious extent the electricity in the ordinary wires, are then united into one compact cable. This system of wires is then hung as has been described, and as may be seen vexing the eye at St. Clement Danes and St. Mary-le-Strand, the wires that sustain it being strained from poles from the house-tops. At intervals carefully selected, these cordons of nerves are, to continue the metaphor, collected into ganglia; for the area of London being divided by a system of triangulation, the posts that form the meeting-points of three series of cables become the points at which all these multitudinous wires have to be distributed, as the requirements of different subscribers may need them to be, to north or south, to east or west. The seemingly complex problem of effecting these many junctions without error or chance of inter-

ruption is effected by an instrument as simple in its principle and operation as the work it has to do seems hopelessly complex. Further, at any of the posts intermediate between these stations of ganglia, any particular wire or wires may be led off from the cable to supply the telegraphic needs of any house or houses on the route, or lying within the area which that particular cable is destined to supply.

Such is a general sketch of this new system of telegrams for the million. Whether the three millions of London will accept the boon, and reward its chief projector, Professor Wheatstone, with the substantial favors involved in their accepting it, remains to be seen. Whether the indignation of the aesthetic will succeed in getting the skylines of our streets cleared of an offensive eyesore, or whether the needs of the busy will be strong enough to conquer that indignation, and leave London with one more inheritance of hopeless ugliness, has also to be proved. But surely the ingenious mind or minds that have worked into practical application such beautiful and recondite principles of physics might contrive to carry these unsightly cables along the tops of houses sufficiently to the rear of existing great thoroughfares to remove them from sight; or, where they must cross the great lines of human concourse, they might do so either at right angles instead of at an offensive acute angle, and with a single catenary suspended from a

wire traversing their axis, or again, as has also been done in some cases, by carrying them in such parts of their course under the ground. We may augur well for the success of Mr. Wheatstone's new scheme, if evidence of its general popularity may be gathered from the good-natured readiness with which householders have permitted the posts to be erected on the roofs of their dwellings. But there is said to be one vexatious refusal that has been given from a remarkable quarter. The Parliament of Mr. Thwaites have refused to give place for a post, where it was very much wanted, on the new plaster house they have built themselves in the respectable quarter of Spring Gardens. Had they refused on the score of the ugliness of the addition to their legislative palace, we might have been surprised that they had not shown some of their superfluous good taste in the character of the building they have erected. But when they put their refusal on the ground that Mr. Thwaites' Parliament could not lend their august sanction to furthering the interests of a private company, however wide the usefulness of that company might be, and of however public a character might be its objects, we should really be disposed to laugh at the mock heroic purism of these vestry legislators, did we not remember their antecedents, and take for granted that there must be at the bottom of the refusal some personal pique, or perhaps some more recondite form of job.

BLACK AND WHITE LABORERS.—Britons never will be slaves, otherwise some of them would be glad to change places with the niggers alluded to in one of Mr. William Russell's letters from Montgomery to the *Times* :—

“ These people are fed by their master. They have upwards of half a pound *per diem* of fat pork and corn in abundance. They rear poultry, and sell their chickens and eggs to the house. They are clothed by their master. He keeps them in sickness as in health. Now and then there are gifts of tobacco and molasses for the deserving.”

The liability to be sold and cowhided is the only circumstance which might perhaps prevent the lot of these slaves from being envied by the

British agricultural laborer. Half a pound daily of fat pork would be luxury beyond the dreams of the rustic ironically called a chaw-bacon, whose grinders have scarcely ever a bit of bacon between them. Corn in abundance is what he never sees except growing in the fields; and the idea of rearing poultry, and selling chickens and eggs, he would laugh at as a likely joke for him. As to being clothed by his master, he is too happy to receive a pair of breeches at the meeting of an agricultural society, for having worked on the same farm for half a century. He is fortunate in illness, to get a bottle of “stuff” from the Union Doctor. The children, whom he rears with meritorious industry upon dry bread, hardly know the taste of treacle; and as to tobacco, let him work as hard as he may he never even receives a *quid pro quo*.—*Punch*.

From Chambers's Journal.

SCIENCE AND ARTS FOR MAY.

THE Commission appointed, at the beginning of last year, to inquire into the condition and management of the lighthouses, beacons, and buoys of the United Kingdom, have just published their report in two blue-books of no inconsiderable bulk. This, however, is a case in which all the evidence is valuable, seeing how much the safety of human life, to say nothing of merchandise worth millions sterling, depends on the efficiency of lighthouses. It is valuable, moreover, as suggestive of improved management, of better appliances, drawn from the latest researches in optical science, and as affording means of comparison with the lighthouses of foreign countries. In the latter particular, it does not appear that British lighthouses suffer by comparison, however rigorous; in many cases, they are decidedly superior to all others, especially in the praiseworthy particular of cleanliness. More than once, during their cruise, the Commission boarded light-ships quite unexpectedly by the crew, yet found the lighting apparatus and the store-place of the cleansing materials exhibiting the climax of cleanliness where all besides was clean. We remember that in the report on American lighthouses, published a few years ago by the government of the United States, there appeared frequent remarks concerning dirt and neglect. In the scientific questions are embraced the best form of reflectors, whether a light should be catoptric or dioptric, whether high or low; and the merits of the electric light.

The coasts of the United Kingdom comprise a length of nine thousand, three hundred and ninety-two miles, on which there are one hundred and ninety-seven lighthouses, under the control of three distinct authorities. At the close of their thirty-two days' cruise, during which they circumnavigated nearly the whole of Great Britain, the Commission report that they "had seen, so as to be able to form an opinion of their efficiency, one hundred and thirty light establishments, of which seventy-nine were personally inspected." And they recommend that the government and management of all the lights in the United Kingdom, and of some few in the colonies, should be vested in one Central Board, subject to the annual visitation of the Royal Society: that the

Admiralty branch of the Board of Trade should prepare the estimates to be laid before Parliament; and that, "after those estimates have passed the House of Commons, the Central Board should have the entire control." We hear that eight electric lights are to be established by the French government along the coasts of their side of the Channel.

While the safe navigation of our shores is thus being cared for, something has been done towards the safety of long sea-voyages in iron ships by Messrs. Archibald Smith and F. J. Evans, in a highly interesting paper read at a recent meeting of the Royal Society. Mr. Evans, as Superintendent of the Compass Department of the Admiralty, has a practical knowledge of the subject, which has already proved useful to mariners, as we mentioned in the past year. The present paper demonstrates the error which has grown up of late years; namely, that the larger the ship, the longer should the compass needles be; a mistake fraught with very dangerous consequences. It further demonstrates, that the best and most trustworthy compass is that which has two pair of needles, from six to seven inches long, attached to the card, because it is less liable to disturbance from the magnetism and iron of the ship, than compasses of the ordinary construction. It is somewhat remarkable that this form of compass, which was invented twenty years ago, with a view to overcome the objectionable wobbling motion at that time prevalent in all steering compasses, should now prove to be the best remedy for a defect involving the most serious consequences. Mr. Evans' former paper was published in the *Philosophical Transactions*, and when the present paper appears in the same learned work, both will be available by all who take interest in the questions therein discussed.

The works for the International Exhibition of 1862, no longer delayed by an ill-advised strike, are proceeding with activity. Functionaries are appointed, and arrangements are making for the proper filling up of the details; an active correspondence with foreign countries is established; committees of advice for Finance, for the building, for Fine Arts, for Classification, are also appointed, and announcement is made that the Exhibition will open on Thursday, May 1st of next

year. The International Association for a uniform system of weights and measures are planning to promote their object by displaying in the Exhibition a collection of the weights and measures of all countries. They have agents abroad employed to collect and forward the desired articles, and agents in some of our principal towns are to keep an assortment for sale. The necessity for uniformity becomes every month more apparent with the ever-increasing traffic and intercourse between different nations; many mechanicians are exposed to much inconvenience by the prevalent diversity; and the Horological Institute, wishing to facilitate inquiry and the attainment of practical results, have appointed a committee to take the matter in hand. They look forward to the Exhibition as an occasion for personal conference, which should be turned to the best account; and in their preliminary report they mention, as an instance of the advantages of uniformity, that since gas apparatus has been made of one uniform guage, the laying on of gas for illuminating purposes is easier and cheaper than ever. Mr. J. Fernie, of Derby, has treated of one portion of the question from a practical point of view in a paper "On the Application of the Decimal System of Measurement in Boring and Turning Wheels and Axles," which working engineers and machinists will know how to appreciate. Exactitude in this respect is essential to good workmanship, and if the decimal system will produce exactitude in the manufacture of railway wheels, the sooner it becomes general the better for railway travellers.

Another paper, which, like the foregoing, was read before the Institution of Mechanical Engineers at Birmingham, describes the machinery used in the Charnwood Forest quarries for breaking up the refuse stone into lumps suitable for the repair and maintenance of macadamized roads. A trial of two years has fully proved the capability of the two mills erected, for each one delivers from sixty to eighty tons of finished stone per day of ten hours, at a cost of 10*d.* per ton. The cost of breaking by hand is 2*s.* 6*d.* per ton. For each ton of raw stone put into the mill the yield is 15 cwt. of finished stone, 4 3*4* cwt. of coarse and fine gravel, 1-8 cwt. of dust, 1-8 cwt. waste. "It is worthy of remark," says the author of the

paper, "that the dust answers in most cases for all the purposes to which emery is applied in engineers' shops, and if very fine, is almost equal to Turkey dust." Messrs. Ellis and Everard of Leicester, to whom the mills belong, will doubtless get the praise they deserve from those who use the roads of Leestershire.

Appearances indicate that the gardens and constructions of the Royal Horticultural Society at Kensington Gore will agreeably surprise the visitors on their opening 5th June next. The style and arrangement of the buildings, taken with their environment, will produce an effect of something like enchantment on the eye, and the place will be one of the most delightful recreative resorts in the neighborhood of London, accomplished by an outlay of £70,000. A grand flower and fruit show is to be held on the first two days of opening, when prizes of from £2 to £10 are to be given for fine specimens, and "special prizes for groups of fruits and flowers arranged for the decoration of the dinner-table."—From Sir William Hooker's annual report, we learn that the Royal Gardens at Kew are becoming more and more attractive, whether to holiday folk or to students. The number of visitors last year, four hundred and twenty-five millions three hundred and fourteen thousand, is the largest yet recorded: a lake of five acres will ere long enhance the beauty of the gardens, and an enormous conservatory six hundred feet in length, to be used as a winter-garden, is advancing towards completion. Among the great facts for which the reign of Victoria will be remembered, we may truly say that the providing of rational means for popular enjoyment and instruction, will not be the least conspicuous. But besides all this, the gardens at Kew render most important service to botanical science, and to the acclimatization and distribution of trees and plants, as is illustrated by a recent interesting example. There is in India a large demand for quinine, and to supply Bengal alone with this drug costs the Indian government £40,000 a year. If the cinchona could be made to grow in India, this outlay would be saved: a quantity of plants and seeds was brought from South America, the native country of the cinchona; the plants became sickly during the voyage, and were nursed in a forcing-house at Kew until able to bear further transport, and they

are now growing on the slopes of the Neilgherries. Seedlings, moreover, have been raised, and there is at present a healthy crop in the same house, which in turn will be sent to India; and so on until the cultivators in Bengal are able to propagate from their naturalized plantations. While on the subject of trees, we may mention that the ship *Lord Raglan* is bringing from Western Australia a log of so-called "Jarrah timber," which has been under water thirty years at Freemantle, and shows no signs of unsoundness or of worm-boring.

At the beginning of the present year, we noticed a discovery—the conversion, so to speak, of cast-iron into plumbago—which Mr. F. Crace-Calvert laid before the Royal Society; and we again call attention to it as an illustration of the saying, that "There is nothing so new as that which is old and forgotten." In 1822, Dr. J. Macculloch communicated to the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, edited by Brewster and Jameson, a paper "On Black Lead from Cast-iron," describing certain experiments which he had made in consequence of his attention having been drawn to specimens of iron that had lain for years at the bottom of the sea, or had been subject to constant soakage in the porter-backs used at breweries. He notices the remarkable fact that certain iron guns, fished up in 1740 off Tobermory, from one of the sunken vessels of the Spanish Armada, had become so soft that they could be easily scraped, and that wherever scraped, the surface of the metal grew too hot to be touched with the hand. A similar phenomenon was observed in some of the iron fittings that had been long exposed to the weak acid present in porter; the metal, moreover, had all the appearance of plumbago, and was not reduced in bulk. The doctor tested his conclusions by experiments in the laboratory, and found that he could produce plumbago and black-lead at pleasure, without any diminution in bulk of the pieces of iron experimented on; and that the converted metal always became hot if scraped, while any moisture remained, as had been remarked of the long submerged cannon. In describing his experiments on the soaking of pieces of iron, he says, "to procure the black-lead in perfection, the acid should be very weak, and the operation is then necessarily tedious. Acetous acid appears to be the best and it

is by this that it is produced in porter-backs, in the waste pipes of breweries, and in calico printing-houses, where sour paste is used. If the experiment is perfect, the black-lead becomes hot on exposure to air, smoking while there is any moisture to be evaporated, particularly when the surfaces are scraped off in succession, so as to give access to the air. . . . The theory of this experiment appears very plain, and it proves, with tolerable certainty, what has been supposed, but what has not yet been proved in any other way; namely, that plumbago is a metal, and black-lead its oxide, if I may be allowed to use that term for the present instead of carbon."

Lectures on iron-clad ships have been delivered at the United Service Institution by Captain Halsted and Captain Coles; the latter taking occasion to point out the changes which such ships will necessitate in the form and mode of national defences.—A door lock has been invented which rings a bell and lights a taper on the instant that any dishonest person attempts to pick it; or it may be so arranged as to produce the light only should the master of the house let himself in late at night.—A lamp exhibited at a meeting of the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, instead of a screw to hold the glass in place, has a small bolt held by a spiral spring, which yields as the glass expands with the heat, and thereby avoids breaking.—At the same meeting, an enterprising coffin-maker exhibited what he calls Air and Damp-tight Burial Caskets; the said caskets being ornamental coffins lined with cork, deutoxide of manganese, and coats of collodion and shellac dissolved in benzole.—A factory has been established at Tewkesbury for the darning of stockings; and we hear that a new kind of elastic cloth, quite free from shoddy, is among the latest inventions introduced at Norwich.

May is the month of high 'Change with painters and sculptors, and by this time they have made up their minds as to whether art has or has not advanced since May, 1860. Mr. Bell has read a paper to the Society of Arts on the question of Color on Statues, showing to what extent and purpose color was used by the Greeks, that it did not belong to their highest art, and that where color was most used, there idolatry most prevailed. But having said thus much, he is careful to add that color may be introduced around statues, on the floor, walls, or ceiling, with the happiest effects.

From The Welcome Guest.

PORTRAIT OF A BRAVE SCOTCHMAN.

THE recently published life of the late Dr. George Wilson, Regius Professor of Technology in the University of Edinburgh, presents many points of interest to the general reader, quite apart from the interest which attaches to the well-known name itself. The book is a direct contradiction of the popular fallacy, that men of science are destitute of imagination and the less cognate faculties, and that poetry and science are necessarily antagonistic. But it possesses another value, as a record of the most patient endurance under physical suffering, and of earnest, unselfish, and incessant study in a pursuit where rewards are given tardily.

Wilson was born at Edinburgh on the 21st day of February, 1818. His parents belonged to the middle classes ; and, like most Edinburgh boys in his own sphere of life, he received his first training at the High School. At a very early age he evinced a devoted love for natural science. We find him, in his tenth year, collecting insects at a farmhouse in Peeblesshire (where he was spending a holiday), writing to beg for pill-boxes to put his prizes in, and exulting hugely over the discovery of a grasshopper with a red head and red leg. An anecdote of more than common interest relates to this period : "A friend, sharing a love for natural history with him and his brothers had instructed them in the art of impaling live insects as specimens. It much grieved his mother that boys should learn cruelty so early, and she spoke earnestly to them on the sacredness of life. George showed the fruit of his lesson, by coming one day to tell of a butterfly he had saved from drowning in a pool of water. One life saved seemed, in the child's estimation, to atone, in part, for those taken away. On going to bed his mother found a scrap of paper under her pillow, containing the butterfly's thanks to his preserver. The tender heart, which was afterwards to plead so earnestly with medical students against the cruelty of reckless vivisection, was here revealed." About this time, too, he started, in conjunction with some schoolfellows, a "Juvenile Society for the Advancement of Knowledge," the minutes of which were preserved, with other literary matter, in a manuscript magazine. In the magazine were written the notes

taken during Saturday excursions into the country, the plants and animals noticed, with any facts as to their habits and peculiarities. Some of the debates started in the society were curious enough : Whether the whale or the herring afforded the more useful and profitable employment for mankind ? Whether the camel was more useful to the Arab, or the reindeer to the Laplander. Meantime, George was studying assiduously at the High School, mastering the rudiments of Latin and Greek. All his time was employed in reading and collecting specimens. To use the words of his old Scotch nurse, "He was aye to be seen in a corner, wi' a book as big's himsel'." Three years after the starting of his society, his stray reading led him into the tempting mysteries of comparative anatomy,—a branch of science which he soon began to study systematically. He determined to become a doctor. He abandoned insects for bones ; his father's house was soon filled with the *disjecta membra* of animals, all labelled and classified. One day he astonished the whole family by bringing home in triumph the entire body of an infant, which he had procured from a friendly surgeon.

In his fifteenth year he left the High School, and, having persisted in entering the medical profession, was bound as apprentice for four years in the laboratory of the Royal Infirmary. He was now thrown among companions of the most degraded class, depraved fellow-students, who lost no opportunity of causing him annoyance. He said, many years afterwards, in his speech as President of the Society of Arts, "When I recall some of the enforced companions of my apprentice days, I feel that I would make the greatest sacrifices, rather than permit a youth dear to me to undergo similar temptations." The society pained him ; the surgical operations he was compelled to witness, sickened him ; he was subject to a thousand annoyances ; but he always kept a bright, hopeful face for the circle at home, and worked away manfully. In a lecture delivered to medical students, he narrates a tale and points a moral, which are far too good to be lost. "The patient is not seldom ready to declare that the moral gain to him from his sufferings has been such, that he counts them a small price to be paid for such a reward. The first surgical operation I saw in

the Royal Infirmary, soon after becoming an apprentice there, was the amputation of a sailor's leg above the knee. The spectacle, for which I was quite unprepared, sufficiently horrified a boy fresh from school, especially as the patient underwent the operation without the assistance of anæsthetics, which were not introduced into surgical practice till many years later. Some days after the operation, when the horror of the first shock had passed away, I resolved to visit the poor fellow, and see if I could render him any little service. I went, however, with no little hesitation, expecting to find him in the same state of suffering and prostration as I had seen him in before. I was agreeably surprised, however, and, indeed, amused, to find the invalid half propped up in bed, and intently occupied with a blacking-brush, borrowed from the nurse, polishing the single shoe which, in six weeks, or a month at soonest, he might hope to wear. The ludicrous inappropriateness, as it then seemed to me, of the patient's occupation, relieved my feelings; and its perfect appropriateness, as it seemed to himself, relieved his; for, as I learned in subsequent conversations, his great concern was to count the hours till he should reach a fishing village on the south coast of England, where his mother and sister longed for his return. He made an excellent recovery. After this experience, I became a constant visitor on my own account to all the wards, and in the course of four years made many a strange acquaintance. I refer here to the circumstance, that it may become the ground of recommendation to the young student, who is distressed by the spectacle of suffering, to interest himself in the welfare of the sufferers. A feeling which would otherwise readily grow morbid is turned into a wholesome and profitable moral exercise." At the time of life here alluded to, George evinced the most remarkable perseverance. From nine in the morning to nine at night, he had to labor at the infirmary and attend classes, and from nine to two or three in the morning he labored over the subjects of the day's lectures. Every moment of his time was occupied with *materia medica*, surgery, chemistry, and anatomy. He had by this time resolved to enter the medical profession, not with an eye to practice, but as a means of scientific research. In his brave pursuit of knowl-

edge, nothing daunted him. "They are glorious studies!" he wrote, in the very midst of labor and disappointment. From portions of his letters, we gather that the pursuit of science was now associated with a love for metaphysics.

We cannot follow him further in these studies, nor in others that soon ensued. The allusions already made to them sufficiently show the energy and enthusiasm of Wilson's character. Under numerous difficulties, too numerous to be specified here, he never for a moment lost heart. At last, after five years of incessant mental labor, he passed Surgeons' Hall. For six months afterwards, he studied chemistry in London, under Professor Graham, in whose laboratory he labored with no less a person than Dr. Livingstone, the African traveller.

In the midst of these laborious duties, he now and then found time to cultivate a passion for poetry, and to write long letters, in which he painted the future in glowing colors. Energetic, imaginative, and enthusiastic, he already saw glimpses of a noble and useful career. But one of those accidents, for which fortune is famous, was destined to upset all his plans. Having sprained his ankle during a pedestrian excursion, and having neglected to have the injury, which at first caused no acute pain, attended to, he found himself an invalid. The consequence of his delay in procuring advice was an abscess, against which leeching and poulticing were of small avail. In the mean time, arrangements had been made for his first lectures on chemistry. When scarcely convalescent, he entered on the course with characteristic energy; and the consequence was a relapse. He says, in one of his letters, "I am returning the pupils all their fees, and, in ill health and debt, retire from the struggle. My only consolation is, that I have done all I could do, and have fought against difficulties till courage and patience would avail no longer. Had I known how seriously my foot was affected, I should never have begun. Even had the doctors not insisted on it, I could not have carried on longer. I was perfectly helpless, could not put my foot to the ground, and had to be carried up and down stairs on every occasion. I lectured standing on one foot, and had to use a crutch when I attempted locomotion unaided. The pain has greatly increased,—

become, indeed, perfect torture. Struck down unexpectedly from all my hopes, I cannot look hopefully to the future, and must recover the stun and shock of my fall, before I become alive to all the comforts which yet surround me." Inflammation of the eyes was added to his list of ailments. Severe illness ensued, and he lay for eighteen months at the gates of death. At length, he determined to undergo a proposed amputation of the left foot. Chloroform was not then in use, and he carefully concealed from his family the day fixed for the operation, which, it was feared, might be attended with a fatal issue. The family were not aware of the truth till they heard his cries of agony from a room adjoining theirs. "I watched all that the surgeons did," he writes, "with a fascinated intensity. Of the agony it occasioned, I will say nothing. Suffering so great as I underwent cannot be expressed in words. The particular pangs are now forgotten, but the black whirlwind of emotion, the horror of great darkness, and the sense of desertion by God and man, bordering close upon despair, which swept through my mind and overwhelmed my heart, I can never forget, however gladly I would do so." His life was saved, but his whole system was irreparably injured. The busy years which followed were a succession of acute physical suffering, struggling vainly with an undue amount of mental and physical labor. He himself was conscious of this; and, when any extra work had been completed, he would say, half sadly, half jocosely, "There, I've driven another nail into my coffin."

In 1842, he renewed the task which had been interrupted by his illness, and he was this time enabled to finish it satisfactorily. His labors were soon multiplied. He was appointed Lecturer on Chemistry to the Edinburgh Veterinary College, and also to the School of Arts; he had, moreover, to deliver a course of lectures to the young ladies of the Scottish Institution. These engagements involved the delivery of ten lectures a week, each lecture being illustrated by separate experiments; a labor trebled by the more than necessary trouble he took in preparing and manipulating his subjects. At the same time, he engaged himself in trying literary work; the books and pamphlets he has left behind him are a sufficient proof of his activity in this branch of toil. Conscious that

his days were numbered, that he could not expect to live long, he consistently renounced pleasure, and worked hard to make the most of the small time remaining to him. "Don't be surprised," he wrote to a friend, "if any morning at breakfast, you find I am gone." He was perfectly resigned to his fate; but from 1842, till the day of his death, he gave up all hopes of enjoying life, and devoted his nights and days to doing good. "While lecturing ten, eleven, or more hours weekly, sometimes with a pulse at 150°, it was frequently with torturing setons and open blister wounds; and every holiday was eagerly seized for the application of similar heroic remedies, or 'bosom friends,' as he named them." His keen appreciation of the pleasures of society, and of all beautiful things, was sternly put aside, to meet professional claims; and all with such quiet simplicity, and gay good-humor, that few, if any, guessed the price at which his work was accomplished.

A review of the various contributions he made to science during the next ten years would be out of place in these columns. Enough to state, that they made him widely known as one of the most gifted *savans* of Scotland, and that they procured him a host of eminent friends; among others, Lord Jeffrey, who had the highest opinion of his powers, and the deepest veneration for his character. They are the productions of one who was a logician, an expositor, and a poet; they reconcile imagination with logic, science with poetry, playful fancy with acute thought. Perhaps the most generally interesting of his works is that on Color Blindness; the fruit of original researches, induced by his pet theory, that the chief aims of science were to demonstrate God, and to heal man; that science was inseparably united with medicine, as a physical comforter. His biographies of scientific men, and his paper on Natural Theology, both of which appeared in the *British Quarterly Review*, evinced the depth and the brilliance of his intellect. We may note here, as a circumstance throwing light on his literary life, the fact that his well-known "Text Book of Chemistry," was dictated to a sister, while the author, deprived of the use of his arms, was pacing up and down the room, in order to repress his expressions of agony.

The good heart laboring so earnestly with

the fine mind, to do good to humankind, led Wilson to multiply his already enormous duties by work, which, strictly speaking, was unnecessary. Wherever he saw the slightest chance of doing good, he sacrificed both time and money in order to gratify his benevolence. In this spirit he responded to every call upon him, and delivered lectures to poor people, and to ragged schoolboys. In this spirit, he was never tired of lecturing to medical students on the sacredness of the profession on which they were shortly to enter, and of urging them to prosecute their studies with the self-sacrifice of love, and the energy of philanthropy.

It was universally regretted that one of the most gifted men in Scotland should rely for subsistence on uncertain sources of income, and that science should lose the great results which he would be certain to arrive at, if his opportunities were equal to his zeal. He received no professorship, because, although theoretically and practically religious, he could not take the requisite test. Most of his valuable experiments were accomplished at his private cost. He said, on one occasion, alluding to the treatment by government of men of science,—“If her gracious majesty would give us some hard cash, we should not mind letting the artists pocket the stars and ribbons. There is a petty German duke enabling Liebig to beat all the English chemists hollow. If a tithe of what is spent on masquerades and trumpetry, dogs and stables, were granted to some school or university, to fit up, and keep in existence, a well-appointed laboratory, the whole country would be the gainer. Liebig is a man of genius, of the highest order, and would unfold himself, though he had not a sixpence; but he could not have reached the eminence he has done had not money in sufficiency been supplied him. Here, our very professors can scarcely keep life in them. Chairs are not worth having, even as sources of income, and there is no surplus to spend on experiments.”

Again and again, during these arduous years, Wilson relapsed into illness; again and again he recovered. He was a mystery to his medical attendants, who could not fathom a tenacity of life, which rose from the indomitable *will* of the man, conquering even physical debility. On one occasion, while dragging his weak frame about

the shore at Rothsay, he overstrained his arm, stumbled, and broke the bone near the shoulder; the bone was set, and he bore his new suffering like a stoic. He would fall back, unable to move a limb for some weeks, and as suddenly, would re-appear in the lecture-room, bravely bearing the immense load of professional and literary labor. Bronchitis and dyspepsia were added to his other maladies. He worked on. Again, he was one night awakened by the rupture of a bloodvessel, occasioning great loss of blood. Unwilling to forego duty, or to render his relations uneasy, he breakfasted with the family next morning, as if nothing had happened, and actually lectured twice that day, although his white, ghastly face filled his hearers with fear. The next night hemorrhage returned: and, unable to call assistance, he lay helpless till morning, “surrounded by the spirits of those of the family who had gone before.” In the morning, medical aid was called in, and his life was saved with great difficulty. He worked on.

At last, the long-delayed recognition of his services came. In 1854, Government founded the Scottish Industrial Exhibition, of which he was appointed Director; and created for him the chair of Technology in the University of Edinburgh. In these new fields he labored *con amore*; but struggling with perpetual embarrassments, till his death, on the 22d of November, 1859. He died rather suddenly from pleurisy, induced by bleeding of the lungs; but the wonder of his medical attendants was, that he had survived so long. He was honored by a public funeral. The gloom cast over Edinburgh by his death communicated itself to high and low. Perhaps no man ever made himself more beloved than he had done; among his friends, by the sweetness and vigor of his mind, and among the citizens generally, by his private charity and public spirit.

Thus died, at the early age of forty, one of the most remarkable men to whom Scotland has given birth. The loss science has suffered by his early decease cannot be too highly estimated. Of his scientific researches, of his literary career, we have not thought fit to speak particularly here. His life was better than his books, better than all homilies. He was the sweetest-minded man of whom we have ever read.

As an instance of the pains he took to arrive at satisfactory conclusions, we may mention that, while preparing his report on Color Blindness, he examined in two years no less than one thousand one hundred and fifty-four persons, and subsequently a much larger number. By virtue of researches like these, he was able to publish most startling statistics. He ascertained that one in every twenty persons has an imperfect appreciation of color, and that the number who are so color-blind as to mistake red for green, brown for green, and even red for black, is one in fifty. He consequently advised that persons with

this defect should be excluded from certain callings and professions; such as those of the railway servant and the sailor, who are liable to cause serious loss to life and property by confounding the colors of flags and signal lamps.

The book from which we have gathered the above narrative is the work of a surviving sister of Dr. Wilson; but it is free from partiality, the common vice of biographies written by near relations. The story is principally told by means of correspondence, the chief business of the biographer being to collate and comment on the facts so vouch'd for.

DEATH OF CHARLOTTE BRONTE'S FATHER.—Charlotte Bronte's father is dead. On the 7th of June he fell asleep in the weird old parsonage of Haworth, closing his eyes on the hearthstone where the three lovely women who made his name glorious sat but a little while ago, dreaming inscrutably over the wonderful world within them, and whence they passed one by one, their fragile shapes seeming rather to fade slowly than die quickly, like the common lot. Eighty-four years old, and, but for that faithful son-in-law Nicholls, who looks to us in reading of him more like a protraction of Charlotte's life than a separate existence—but for him and the servants, all alone! We may believe or disbelieve the stories of his iron sternness, he may have fired himself off in pistol-cartridges from the back-door step, he may have torn taffeta gowns, he may have been a gloomy companion for three motherless women and a gifted, reckless, unbalanced son—we forget all that now—he outlived one of the rarest families that were ever born to man. All that we know of him is known because he was the father of Currer, Acton, and Ellis Bell, of Patrick the younger, dead in his despairing youth, after a life of wild, brilliant misery, for which no philosopher in the tangled organism of morbid nature could dream of holding him responsible. The Rev. Patrick Bronte was born on the saint's day which gave him his name, in the year 1777. A brief but unutterably fascinating history, with an end which saddens us, yet makes us still more glad. It is impossible to feel overbalancing regret at the death of the last Bronte. We rejoice that there is none living to bear that name which always meant misery and spiritual unhealth, while it portended genius and glory. It is as if we saw a galaxy of glorious stars, and knew that while they shone they were burning in a bitter conscious pain. We might sorrow for ourselves when they dimmed and went out in white ashes; but for their sakes we should rejoice. It is a beneficent law of nature that no morbid growth, however splendid, propagates itself through gen-

erations of unhealth and agony. And we would have no more of the Brontes left us than dwells in their immortal books.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

SQUIRTO GENTIL!

A Gush of Poetry that welled forth from a Sentimental Being after taking a Turkish Bath.

AIR—“Spirto Gentil.”

SQUIRTO gentil!
Pleasant to feel,
From head to heel,
Squrito gentil!
Exquisite souse
Is that cold water douse :
How it braces each limb
Of stout and of slim :
And sets up one's muscle
For workaday bustle,
How it quickens the brain,
Brings it vigor again,
And fits it anew
For the work it must do.
Health-restorer, life-giver,
How it freshens the liver,
And relieves at a touch
Men who've dined out too much.
'Stead of taking blue pill
When you chance to feel ill,
A Turkish bath take,
In the hot room go bake.
'Twill do you great good
To be soaped and shampooed ;
And although I dare say
That you wash every day,
You'll come away clean
As you never have been.
Then ere leaving the house
You've that exquisite douse,
Like a fine cooling rain,
Good for body and brain.
Quite a new man you'll feel
Through that squrito gentil !

—*Punch.*

From The Danville Quarterly Review. *

STATE OF THE COUNTRY.

- I. Civil War.—Influence upon it, of the Idea of the Restoration of the Union.
- II. The long and terrible reign of Parties. Majestic Re-appearance of the Nation on the scene of Affairs. Great Truths accepted, and to be maintained.
- III. Duty of the Nation to loyal citizens in the Seceded States. Their subjection to a Reign of Terror. Alleged unanimity in the Seceded States.
- IV. The Seceded *States* may return to the Union—or the Secession *Party* may maintain their Revolt by Arms. The War one of Self-Preservation on the part of the Nation. Not aggressive and against the South—but defensive and against Secessionists. Supposing the Triumph of the Secessionists; insuperable difficulties. Every benefit contemplated by Secession, defeated by the War into which it plunged. Restoration to the Union the true Result.
- V. Miscalculations of Secession. Miscarriage, as to a “United South.” And as to a “Divided North.” And as to the temper, and purpose of the Nation. And as to Expansion, the Slave Trade, Free Trade, Boundless Prosperity, Cotton Monopoly. Secession a frightful and incalculable Mistake.
- VI. The Border Slave States. State of Parties in 1860. Sudden and secret Revolution in Virginia. Probable effects, political and military. Western Virginia. Central Mountain Route to the Central South. Delaware, Maryland, Missouri. The Original States—the States carved out of them—the Purchased States. Kentucky, her position, peril, temper, purpose.
- VII. General Conclusion.

- I. Civil War. Influence upon it, of the Idea of the Restoration of the Union.

THE American people are in the midst of civil war. That calamity which, in the just and almost universal judgment of mankind, is the direst which can befall nations, has already covered our country with its terrible shadow; and the gloom thickens from day to day, portending a conflict as frightful as it is repulsive—whose issues are, in many

* Edited by the Rev. Dr. Breckenridge, and other Professors in Danville Theological Seminary, and in the College there, and by other clergymen in the neighborhood. This article is by Dr. Breckenridge, who is the uncle of the late Vice President,—the candidate of the secessionists in the Presidential Election.

respects, hardly less uncertain than they may be vast. Hundreds of thousands of armed men are hastening to slay each other—led by captains many of whom are worthy to command heroes, and provided with every means of mutual destruction which the science and skill of the age can devise. Hundreds of millions of dollars have already been expended in these immense and fatal preparations: and so thoroughly is the most warlike of all races aroused, and so completely are the exigencies of the times held to demand of every man a complete readiness to defend all that he is not willing to surrender, that, at whatever cost, every one capable of bearing arms will be armed, and will use his arms with deadly effect, according as the course of events may seduce or oblige him to do so. It is, indeed, possible that some wonderful interposition of God, or some sudden and heroic impulse falling upon the people, may even yet avert the terrible catastrophe, and arrest the destruction even as it is ready to descend. It is equally possible that, before these lines are printed, great armies which already face each other, may have fought one of those bloody and decisive battles, whose issues determine the fate not only of wars, but of ages. Ignorant of all the future, and imperfectly informed concerning passing events, it becomes us to speak with moderation and candor of the prospects before us. Penetrated with the deepest sorrow at the mournful, though it be in many respects sublime, scene which our country presents, we would forbear to speak at all, if it were not that the general tenor of what we purpose to utter, is designed to keep alive in the hearts of our countrymen the conviction that the whole country may, even yet, be restored; and to influence, so far as any thing we can do may influence, the conduct of all these terrible affairs, to that end, and by that idea. It is this which is the burden of all we have hitherto said and done—it is this which justifies nearly any effort, any sacrifice, any suffering on the part of the nation—it is this which we must keep before the minds of men if we would preserve our countrymen from turning savages, under the influence of the civil war upon which we have entered, and for the prosecution of which such enormous preparations are made by both parties.

II. The long and terrible reign of Parties. Majestic Re-appearance of the Nation on the scene of Affairs. Great Truths accepted, and to be maintained.

1. For a long course of years political parties, sectional factions, and the clamor of demagogues, had given that sort of political education to the people, and occupied the thoughts of men with that description of political ideas and desires, that *the nation—the mighty American Nation*—had disappeared from the area of our general politics. It had been for a whole generation Whig, and Democrat, and Republican, and Know-Nothing, and Secessionist, and Abolitionist, and Fire-Eater; the people rent, and confused, and maddened—fraud and violence reigning in the heated canvasses and elections—and the most shameless corruption spreading like a pestilence amongst public men. The glorious Nation had disappeared utterly, as the controlling element in national affairs;—so utterly, that a President of the United States was found capable of conniving—whether through timidity, through folly, through imbecility, or through corruption let posterity decide—at the ruin of the nationality which his Government represented, and the overthrow of the Constitution by virtue of which it existed. So utterly, that a revolt openly conducted in flagrant contempt of the President, the Constitution, and the nation, and attended in all its stages by innumerable acts of war—was allowed to spread from state to state, without the slightest attempt of the nation, or any one representing it, to make itself felt or even heard; until the vast extent of the revolt, and the great number of states on which the partisans of it had seized, became the chief embarrassment in dealing with it at all, and the main plea with timid statesmen why the degraded nation should accept its own destruction, as a fact fully accomplished.

2. *That mighty Nation has re-appeared once more on the theatre of affairs.* All thoughtful men knew that such a destruction as was attempted, could not be accomplished by war on one side, without begetting war on the other side. It may be considered madness in the Confederate Government to have preferred the bombardment of Fort Sumter, to its peaceful surrender in three days through starvation. But it was a choice precisely in the spirit of every act towards the American nation and its Gov-

ernment, which had characterized the whole previous course of the revolt, and which has marked the whole treatment extended to Union men in every seceding state, to the present moment. It was possible to have divided the American nation *peaceably*, into two or more nations, by the consent of the American people, and the change of the Federal Constitution. But it was not, in the nature of things, possible to rend it by a military revolt, characterized by a spirit of contemptuous and reckless violence, alike illegal, unjust, and fatal, without arousing the outraged nation, and bringing all the mighty questions at issue, to that arbitration of arms which the secessionists had chosen—and by which, in one form or another of violence, they have achieved every conquest they have made. We are not partisans of the present National Administration, and have no adequate means of forming an opinion, as to whether the particular occasion and moment—or whether earlier, or whether later, occasions and times—were best suited for armed resistance by it, to the progress of the great military revolt, whose avowed objects were the destruction of the Government, the overthrow of the Constitution, and the ruin of the nation. What we wish to signalize is the majestic re-appearance of the American Nation in the mighty scene—the simultaneous perishing of all factions, and disappearance of all parties but the party of the nation, and the party of secession—and the unanimous conviction of all American citizens loyal to their country, that the National Government is the true and only lawful representative of the nation itself. With almost absolute unanimity the twenty millions of people in the nineteen Northern States; the great majority of the four millions of white persons, in the five Border Slave States; and, as we firmly believe, a very large portion of the four millions of white people in the remaining ten Slave States, though now cruelly oppressed and silenced, cordially recognize these great truths, and will maintain them—namely, that the American people are a nation—that the Constitution and laws of the United States are supreme in this nation—that the Federal Government is the true and only legal representative of this nation, charged with the defence of its safety, the execution of its laws, and the protection of its liber-

ties—in the execution of which duties it is bound to repel force by force. Nothing can give greater intensity to the facts and principles to which the foregoing statements relate, than a comparison of what has occurred in all the states which have seceded, with what has occurred in all those which have not seceded—touching the means by which the revolutionists have gained the mastery and silenced opposition in the former, and the manner in which the nation has spontaneously roused itself in its own defence in the latter.

III. Duty of the Nation to loyal citizens in the seceded States. Their subjection to a Reign of Terror. Alleged unanimity in the seceded States.

1. Next in importance to the clear apprehension of the duty, which every loyal citizen of the nation owes to the National Government, in this most painful crisis—concerning which we have just endeavored to disclose the enthusiastic conviction of the nation itself; is an equally clear apprehension of the duty which the nation owes to loyal citizens in those states in which the revolutionary party has gained the ascendancy, or in which that party may hereafter gain it. This latter question, as far as we know, seems not, as yet, to have been fully considered or determined by the General Government. The secession party seems to have decided it at once, and according to its violent instincts; and not only does their unanimous judgment demand of them exile, death, or conversion—but their legal authorities are reputed to be prompt, and their ubiquitous committees of vigilance very vehement in the execution of a code—nearly as simple and efficacious as that of Mahomet himself. There is much reason to believe that the actual majority of votes was cast against the secessionists in several states upon which they have seized; that in several others held by them, such a majority would have been cast, if an opportunity had been allowed; that in not one of those states has there been a true and fair popular ratification of secession; that before the actual commencement of armed resistance on a large scale by the Federal Government, the actual majority of the people in the Confederate States, taken as a body, was hostile to secession; and that, undeniably, a certain number, and that considerable, of loyal citi-

zens, are in every one of those states. Allowing that a state of things even tolerably near to that contained in the foregoing statement exists—nothing seems to us more clear than that the American people, and by consequence the Federal Government, are bound to put forth their utmost strength for the protection of American citizens situated as persons loyal to the Union are believed to be in every state that has seceded. Questions of property, questions of rights of various kinds, questions of profit and advantage—may be compromised or even gracefully surrendered on many occasions. But no Government—no people—no gentleman—no Christian, can withdraw protection and support from those who are bound to them by the most sacred and tender mutual ties, and leave them to be degraded, oppressed, and persecuted—without atrocious iniquity and boundless degradation. It seems to us that it would be transparently clear, even if nine-tenths of the people in every one of the Confederate States, were decided secessionists—that they should be required to treat the loyal citizens of the United States, found casually amongst them, much more those resident amongst them upon the sudden outbreak of revolt, with justice and humanity. If, however, it is really true that the secessionists are the minority in many of those states, upon which they have seized by superior organization, and the suddenness and violence of their proceedings; then, undoubtedly, the duty of the nation is as obvious to deliver those states from such a despotism, as it would be if their oppressors were foreign invaders. In like manner, it is the duty of the General Government to furnish all the munitions of war to its loyal citizens residing in states where it is necessary for them to defend, by arms, their loyalty to the Union, against armed conspiracies seeking to force them into secession.

2. Peaceable revolutions are made by voting; and the fundamental principle of republican government—which the nation is bound by the Constitution to guarantee to every state—is that the majority of those entitled to vote—and not an armed faction—represents the sovereignty. It would be curious to compare the universal contempt for popular rights and institutions, and for all the principles and usages of American freedom, which has so conspicuously distinguished

the career of this secession revolution—since the aristocratic minority has got possession of power; with the theory of “Concurrent Majorities,” so carefully elaborated by their first apostle, Mr. Calhoun, for the special protection of the rights of minorities in free governments. Widely different from the principle of Mr. Calhoun’s theory, is that now reduced to practice in the seceded states by getting together a certain number of persons called a “Convention”—in whom the sovereignty of the people is supposed to reside in a permanent and manageable form; bodies which in the revolted states have been converted into secret, permanent, and irresponsible engines, first of revolution, and then of despotism. We do not speak of the suppression of such desperate substitutes for republican government; nor will we stop to point out how fatally such proceedings reveal the anarchy from which they take their rise, and the military despotism in the future to which they unerringly point. What we have to urge is, the solemn duty of the nation to protect loyal minorities, much more loyal majorities, against the ferocious proceedings already made manifest under the workings of these institutions; and to warn those yet free from their pitiless grasp, to prepare for slavery before they rush into the power of such rulers.

3. Nor is it out of place to remind those who clamor incessantly about the unanimity of the South, and the folly and wickedness of attempting to resist the settled purpose of a whole people who have resolved to leave a Union which they detest; that the nation does not believe in either the alleged “unanimity,” or the proclaimed “fixed purpose.” Doubtless it is true, that the peculiar notions of exclusive loyalty to the state we live in, which prevail extensively in the Southern States—have caused many loyal people to submit to the despotism which forced them into secession; and state pride, affection for our native land, and many other considerations, have swelled the ranks of the army of the secessionists, since war on a large scale, and imminent peril to their cause suddenly and most unexpectedly met them in their violent career. But the American people, in this great crisis of their destiny, have solemn duties to perform—and have a right to be satisfied that they are truly informed, before they take steps which they

may never be able to retrace. The American people fervently desire the entire restoration of the Union, with the entire consent of all the secession states. And they firmly believe that result—attended by the total overthrow of the secession faction—would immediately succeed a reaction in the South not the tenth part as great as that which has just occurred in the North—not greater, indeed, than the one, in an opposite direction, which has occurred throughout the South, within half a year. It is, just now, a question of testimony first, and then of duty founded thereon;—a question, not between the South and the North; but between a nation of some twenty-six or seven millions, and an active faction, possibly under one million, in revolt against it.

IV. The Seceded States may return to the Union, or the Secession Party may maintain their Revolt by Arms. The War one of Self-Preservation, on the Part of the Nation. Not aggressive and against the South—but defensive and against Secessionists. Supposing the Triumph of the Secessionists; insuperable Difficulties. Every benefit contemplated by Secession, defeated by the War into which it plunged. Restoration to the Union the true Result.

1. We have already said that the issues of this unnatural war, are in many respects as uncertain as they will probably be vast. Contingently, however, the most immediate and direct issue of it, can have but one, of two results. Either the seceded states must return to their loyalty to the nation, and their position as members of the United States of America; or the Secession Party must be able to vindicate by arms the course upon which they have entered, and, maintaining the independence of as many of the states as may finally adhere to them, those states must be acknowledged by the American people and Government as a separate nation. Of course, there can be no such result as the conquest of the seceded states, and the holding them as provinces or territories, by the Federal Government. Such an attempt is not to be thought of as possible—not to be entertained, for a moment, even if it were possible, as a permanent policy—but, beyond all this, even if it were politic and easy, it would be even more abhorrent, if possible, than secession itself, to the feelings of the American people, and the principles of American liberty. Which of these issues will be realized depends, apparently, on the event of the war: concerning

which we will add something presently, seeing the probabilities of that event ought to be a very weighty consideration with both parties to it. In the mean time let it be observed, that the mere statement of the case makes it manifest that the war entered upon by the nation, not as one of aggression and conquest, but one of self-defence and self-preservation, can be conducted only as war upon the secession party and Government—and not as war against the people of the South; a war, therefore, which would end of itself, upon the overthrow of the secession party, and the suppression of the Confederate Government erected by that party.

2. Upon the happening of such an event, which certainly is possible, perhaps highly probable, the allegation is that no people—no South—would remain to reconstruct society and government, and restore the seceded states to their place in the Union. We have already spoken of the want of faith in all such extravagant statements; an incredulity fortified by the whole career of the revolt, both in its method of usurping power, and in its method of producing unanimity afterwards; to which must be added the undeniable proofs existing in public acts and records, in popular movements and votes, in numberless private communications, in the persecutions lavishly inflicted upon thousands of persons, and in the seductions habitually employed against every doubtful, and the menaces against every loyal, citizen. What is now passing in Tennessee and Virginia, while we write, is full of significance as to what might be expected if the army of the secessionists were driven out of those states. What happened, months ago, in various Southern States in which that party succeeded in establishing their despotism—and what has recently happened in Maryland, Missouri, and Kentucky, where their desperate efforts failed—is conclusive as to the great fact, that the mass of the community everywhere needed only to have been wisely and bravely led, to have conquered what seems to have been, almost everywhere that it existed, a faction of the minority. What made it powerful, was its long previous training—its activity and daring at a moment of great popular discontent, mortification, and alarm—and the fatal connivance of Mr. Buchanan, rendered decisive by the active co-operation with the revolt, of those

members of his Cabinet whose positions had given them special opportunities to promote its organization and its first acts. It had, originally, no element of a national movement—it has now no aspect of a national revolution. And, in our judgment, the moment it encounters signal defeat, a counter-revolution will set in, that will strip it of all that did not belong to it in its first stages; and under just and wise treatment, will eventually restore to the Union every seceded state, not excepting South Carolina itself. For ourselves, and we believe in this we utter the sentiments of the whole nation, we desire for the people in the states now held in armed opposition to the National Government, nothing worse than their complete deliverance from the iron despotism of a disloyal and frantic party, and their speedy and complete restoration, in perfect equality and renewed fraternity, to all the glory of our common nationality, and all the blessings of our true and regulated freedom.

3. Supposing we are mistaken in the essential conditions by which the foregoing result is to be obtained, there remains only the alternative of the triumph of the revolt over the nation, and the permanent independence of the seceded states. We do not propose to discuss, at this time, the consequences of such a division of the nation—but only to look calmly at some of the most obvious difficulties of its accomplishment. And in the very front of all these, is the question of the ability of the secession party, either to obtain from the consent of the nation, the concession of the independence of the Confederate States, or its ability to wrest it from the nation by arms. The question of that consent is a question of peace, not of war; a question which the secession party disdained even to discuss before they flew to arms; a question which will, hereafter, depend essentially upon the state of the country, and the wishes of the states now under the dominion of that party, after the war is ended. The great principle on which the consent of the nation could, in any circumstances be given, is precisely opposite to the great principle on which this revolt proceeds; namely, veneration for popular rights and the popular will. What view the people of the South may take of their rights, and what may be their will touching their erection into a separate

nation—are questions which may be very greatly affected by the progress of events—and the decision of which, by themselves, may be very various, according as they are in circumstances which allow them to vote and act freely, or, which oblige them to vote and act under a ubiquitous military despotism, administered by armed revolutionary committees of vigilance. What is passing now in Virginia and Tennessee—what has passed in every state that has already seceded—what was attempted in Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri—would not, in all probability, be taken—by a great nation loyal to popular rights, and full of veneration for free institutions—for such an expression of the popular desire and will, on the part of great numbers of its citizens, as would challenge its consent to its own dismemberment. It is not to be disguised, however, that even under the most favorable aspect in which the subject of the peaceable division of the nation could be presented, there are obstacles in the way of its accomplishment which nothing but the highest and noblest convictions of mutual obligations, united with the profoundest sense of mutual forbearance, accommodation, and good-will—could surmount. In the present state of the country, it is superfluous to discuss these obstacles. And in the degree that independence, by whatever means, as the only alternative to restoration to the Union, is environed with difficulties, is the madness of the secession movement manifest, and the duty of the nation to suppress it clear.

4. It seems to remain, then, that the solitary result of the war, is the restoration of the seceded states to the Union, or the triumph of the arms of the secessionists over the nation. The more completely this great truth is fixed in the minds of all parties, the better for all. The more thoroughly the nation understands that it is fighting neither for vengeance nor for conquest, but directly for self-preservation—and remotely for the maintenance of its independence in the face of all other nations, and for its future peace, security, and advancement in the glorious career now threatened to be cut short, the more it will be disposed to prosecute the war forced upon it, in the manner which becomes such a people, driven into such a conflict. And the more completely those

who are in arms against the nation realize, that what they seek is, probably, not attainable; and the more clearly the states and people now seduced or terrified into a revolt so unnatural understand that the suppression of that revolt means, not their degradation, but their restoration to all that was won by the valor, and confirmed by the wisdom of their ancestors, the more certain will be the cure of their present frenzy—the more rapid their deliverance from the delusions under which they have erred exceedingly—and the more thorough their overthrow of the faction now leading them to destruction.

5. To all human appearance, the establishment of the independence of the Confederate States by the present war, is impossible. How much blood may shed, how much treasure may be squandered, how much suffering may be inflicted, how much ruin, in ten thousand ways, may be brought upon millions of people, and how near to the brink of destruction the country may be brought—can now be known only to the Ruler of the Universe. But so far as any object avowed, or even conceivable, which ever was, or can be, proposed as a benefit to the Southern States, was expected to be promoted by secession, this war renders that object untenable. We do not propose to enter into discussions from a military point of view, nor do we underrate the difficulties of every kind, which the General Government has to encounter. But it seems to us perfectly inevitable, that without the special interposition of God for the destruction of this great nation, the certainty is complete—that the independence of the Confederate States cannot be established as the result of this war. In the degree that this judgment may be supposed to be just, two conclusions, both of them of great weight, follow. The first is, the wickedness and folly not only of the revolt itself, but of the whole spirit and method in which it has been prosecuted; the second is the certainty that the fact itself, in proportion as it becomes manifest, must weaken, throughout the whole South, the purpose to prosecute a conflict so ruinous and so bootless. No doubt there are wars which may be prosecuted to the last extremity; and, no doubt, many thousands of secessionists may have persuaded themselves that this is such a war, or may have so

deeply wrecked all other hopes that only this desperate stake is left to them. But the dictates of reason and morality—the judgment of mankind—and the irreversible decree of posterity, is different here. This is a revolt, whose complete success would not have justified the war into which it has plunged a great country; and, therefore, the certainty of its failure robs its continuance of all pretext. And such, at no distant period, may be expected to be the judgment of the great mass of the Southern people; and, by consequence, their peaceful and cordial return to their loyalty, and to the exercise of all their rights as citizens of the United States—instead of being a preposterous dream—is not only the most probable, but apparently the certain result, of a wise and courageous treatment of affairs.

V. Miscalculations of Secession. Miscarriage as to a "United South." And as to a "Divided North." And as to the temper, and purpose of the Nation. And as to Expansion, the Slave Trade, Free Trade, Boundless Prosperity, Cotton Monopoly. Secession a frightful and in-
calculable mistake.

1. If we consider for a moment the signal miscarriage of all the permanent objects of the secessionists, and the strange miscalculations, and absurd pretensions upon which their hopes of ultimate success rested, it will diminish, on one hand, all distrust of the grounds on which their hopes of establishing their independence by terrifying the nation into consent, or conquering it by arms, have been shown to be futile; and will augment, on the other hand, the just confidence of the nation that it is master of the situation; and augment, also, the confidence with which every man in the South, whether loyal or disloyal, ought to contemplate the disastrous end of this revolt, as inevitable. To succeed in establishing, by force, the independence of the South—using that word in its large sense, as embracing all the Slave States—necessarily involved, as the very first condition, the unanimity of the whole South in the movement. Instead of this, such a line of conduct was adopted, as made the action of every Southern State isolated; and this policy was pursued in such a manner, as to make a resort to violence necessary in securing unanimity in any state—and as to make the principles of despotism supplant the principles of freedom, in every state.

The seeds of utter defeat were thickly sown in the first open movement of the conspiracy. To-day, instead of a completely united, there is a thoroughly divided, South. And we feel perfectly satisfied, that if every arm was removed from the fifteen Slave States, and every man in them all was allowed freely to choose his side—and then the whole population was equally and completely armed, and the question fought out; the result would be the suppression of the revolt. Born of Southern parents, in a Southern State—never having owed or professed allegiance to any other Government than that of the United States, and that of the Commonwealth of Kentucky—never having even resided, during a life far from short, except temporarily and for brief periods, out of the South—and having been obliged by our course of life to acquire a large acquaintance with the people, the institutions, and the interests of the South; the opinion we have expressed may be fairly weighed against a large amount of clamor. It would, we are convinced, be vouches as true and sound, on the conditions stated, by more than half a million Southern men—ready upon fair occasion, and if need required, to uphold it with their lives.

2. Again, the second imperative necessity, preliminary to any flagrant proceedings by force, was the absolute certainty that the pretensions of the South would be supported, at least by opinion, in the twenty states of the North, in such a way as to divide and weaken all concerted movements, designed to precipitate the overwhelming force of twenty millions of people, upon eight millions—if the whole South was united—with four millions of slaves scattered amongst them; concerning the freedom or the servitude of which slaves, the revolutionists professed that the chief cause of the war lay. Instead of that, the unanimity of the North proved, from the start, to be complete, and its enthusiasm so great, that a brief proclamation of the President, after the bombardment at Charleston, called three or four hundred thousand volunteers to the standard of the nation; a single state (Ohio), offering more men than were demanded for the whole nation. With these two facts, nothing can be more obvious, than the utter incompetency or the desperate recklessness, of those who precipitated their followers into a conflict as unequal as it was

wicked—and did this with boastings and revilings as unseemly as they were unfounded.

3. Again, no delusion was ever more complete than that into which the leaders of the secession party fell and slept, during their long conspiracy of thirty years, of the true character, and actual position and temper of the American people, and of the force of the power they had themselves accumulated, and the value of the preparation they had made for the setting of a great nation at defiance. They had talked treason so long together, that they seemed to consider it a power of itself, and all patriotism extinct. The national treasury made bankrupt, the small army put totally out of reach, and the arms of the nation diligently stored where they could be seized—the little navy laid up, or scattered in different seas—the unhappy President deluded, seduced, or terrified—and a secret band of sworn allies made up of desperate adventurers, disloyal soldiers, and corrupt politicians scattered over the nation; these, as far as the public are yet informed, seem to have been the original implements which were deemed adequate for the first start of a military revolution, whose object was the dismemberment of one of the greatest of existing nations of the most warlike people, with the finest and firmest nationality in the world. Their subsequent success—founded upon a temporary frenzy in the public mind, and upon the military ardor of the Southern people, their devotion to their domestic institutions, and their personal and state pride—may be allowed to redeem, in some degree, the miscalculated force of the conspiracy, from utter contempt. It is not, however, to the force or foresight of the conspiracy, but it is to the disordered and perilous state of the country, itself due to causes which we have developed in publications hitherto recently made, that the great political and military movements throughout the larger portion of the South, subsequent to the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, are to be attributed. These movements—in many points of view most deplorable, in many others illustrative of noble traits of character of the Southern people, and which have given to the secession cause most of its strength and all its dignity—even if they could have been foreseen as one element of the future, are the

farthest possible from excusing the revolt. For great as they may be, and unworthy as the cause of secession may be of them—their inadequacy to achieve the objects proposed by the war, is none the less certain; an inadequacy founded in the nature of things, and which wise leaders would have foreseen, and generous leaders would not have sacrificed.

4. When we turn our thoughts towards topics more remote than those hitherto considered, they all appear to conspire to the same result—the entire defeat of every permanent object proposed to be gained by the secession war. If the whole of the Slave States were united, as the result of this war, in a separate Confederacy—all the ideas of the future expansion of the new nation, which have occupied so large a space in the thoughts of men, might be surrendered at once. One year would not elapse, in all probability, before an alliance of all nations interested in the vast and increasing commerce which must pass across the Isthmus of Panama, and amongst the islands of the Caribbean Sea, and across the waters of the Gulf of Mexico; would effectually close the question of expansion, for the Confederate States. In like manner, the question of the slave trade, to the free prosecution of which so much importance continues to be attached, in the most earnest of the seceded states; may be considered definitively at an end, let this revolt terminate as it may. In like manner, the doctrine of free trade, in favor of which the doctrine of secession took its rise in South Carolina, and which has been continually and conspicuously held forth as one of the priceless blessings to be secured by the revolt; is utterly subverted by one of the earliest acts of the Confederate Congress, imposing a duty on exports—a form of obstructing commerce forbidden by the Federal Constitution. And the boasted career of incalculable wealth which secession promised to inaugurate—in the first year of its existence is signalized by the charity of the people of Illinois sending corn free of charge, to the starving poor of Mississippi; while, if the war shall continue till the Confederate States conquer the United States, their first year of peace will exhibit the heaviest ratable public debt, perhaps, in the world, and the most burdensome taxation ever borne by an agri-

cultural people; and a bankruptey as absolute as the golden dreams of secession were preposterous. To make but one suggestion more, it would, perhaps, have been impossible for any madness less destructive than this secession war, to have seriously disturbed for a century to come, the near approach which the South was making to the most productive and extensive monopoly, ever possessed by any people in the products of the earth—in its growing control of the cotton market of the world. At present, so imminent is the peril into which this boundless source of wealth has been brought, not only for a few seasons, but it may be in permanence—that the armed intervention of the great maritime and manufacturing nations of the world, for the deliverance and protection of the cotton of the Confederate States, is amongst the desperate hopes to which their situation gives expression.

5. Now it does appear to us, that these statements reveal principles and facts of supreme significance, all pointing in the same direction, and challenging profound consideration. They appear to prove, that secession, in its origin, its progress, its present condition, and its terrible future—is a blunder, a failure, a frightful and incalculable mistake, founded upon every sort of error and miscalculation. It is in that view of them, and of their teachings, that we have arrayed them. Allowing whatever may be thought necessary for our mistake, for our want of full knowledge, even for our supposed prejudice or want of candor, enough remains to indicate, what we have so earnestly insisted on, that the complete restoration of the Union, is not only a glorious event within our reach—which it is the highest duty and interest, both of the nation and of the seceded states, to accept and act upon—but that the ordinary course of the immense and terrible affairs now passing before our eyes, leads, though it may be through frightful sufferings, towards that result. Would to God, it might have been in peace, and by reason and love, that the country had been saved! Thanks be to God, for a refuge to all parties, such as seems to us to be set before them all, when these calamities are overpassed! For the blood that is shed, and the crimes that are committed—let them who are responsible answer to God!

VI. The Border Slave States. State of parties in 1860. Sudden and secret revolution in Virginia. Probable effects, political and military. Western Virginia. Central mountain Route to the central South. Delaware, Maryland, Missouri. The original States—the States carved out of them—the purchased States. Kentucky, her position, peril, temper, purpose.

1. At the start, this secession movement was exclusively confined to the disciples of Mr. Calhoun—and they, having their chief seat in South Carolina, and schools rather than parties in the upper Slave States, did not hold the controlling power even in 1860, in one-half of the Cotton States. By degrees, the Democratic party of the South had become imbued, under the abused name of "State Rights," with the doctrines of free trade, of the increase and extension of slavery, and of secession: and the disruption of that party at Charleston and Baltimore, as far as the public are now informed, was in the interest of these new ideas, and of those old disciples of Mr. Calhoun. The parties, in the fifteen Slave States, which supported Mr. Bell and Mr. Douglas for the Presidency in 1860, could, if they had united, have carried nearly all those states—and, for the time, have put down secession. If the Whig Convention, at Baltimore, had nominated Gen. Houston, instead of Mr. Bell, this result would probably have followed. It is, in effect, the want of ability, or the want of patriotism, in the leaders of parties in the Slave States in 1860, to which a very large part of the present danger of the nation is to be attributed. In the mean time, the Democratic party had already, before 1860, acquired the predominance in all the Slave States, and when the secession party took up arms against the National Government, the political and military power of all those states was in the hands of that party. The election of Mr. Lincoln, which produced such a shock throughout the Slave States, afforded the opportunity of creating a powerful agitation, upon the extreme pro-slavery aspect of secession; and it was used with so little scruple and so great diligence, that to be loyal to the Union, and to be an abolitionist, have come to mean the same thing in the vocabulary of secessionists; and organized political fanatics and ruffians, wherever they are not repressed by the fear of effectual resistance, have, under that pretext, initiated a reign of

terror. The common predominance of the Democratic party, and the universal existence of the institution of slavery in all those states, were the bonds of union amongst them all, whereby those who meditated revolt expected and sought to carry them all for secession: the latter fact affording the secessionists the most powerful means of inflaming the passions of men, and the former fact providing the power to coerce such as could not be seduced. So far as the five Border Slave States were concerned, of which we have now to speak particularly (Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri), the presidential election of 1860 broke the back of this scheme, by breaking, in those five states, the power of the party which supported Major Breckinridge for the Presidency. The other part of the scheme of the secessionists, encountered, in those five states, obstacles which proved to be extremely serious. In the first place, the loyalty of the people was far more stubborn than had been expected, and the peril of attempting to coerce them into disloyalty far more grave than had been encountered elsewhere. In the second place, the institution of slavery, in those states, stood in a position, and the people occupied toward it a relation, widely different from the corresponding facts in the Cotton States; and the people, satisfied with the matter as it stood, saw nothing but peril in the remedy offered by secession. In the third place, the geographical position of those states gave them immense weight while peace could be maintained, and made them the theatre of the war, which every one could see the secessionists were making inevitable; so that every consideration of wisdom, patriotism, and self-respect, admonished them to maintain, inviolably, their position as citizens of the United States.

2. Such, briefly, was the nature of the situation, generally considered, in the five Border Slave States, which contain more white inhabitants, and military resources, than the remaining ten Slave States. If these five states had stood firm, the fate of secession was sealed. The war must have been short, as the speedy and complete restoration of the Union certain. The sudden, secret, and deplorable revolution created in Virginia by a Convention, pledged to the great majority of the people who had elected them, and expressly bound, by the law which created the body, to take a widely different course, nec-

essarily changed, in many respects, the posture of events, and the nature and course of the war. It cannot, in our judgment, as we have shown, change the final result. It will inflict incalculable injury upon Virginia herself—and must, so far as she is concerned, end in the division of the commonwealth, or in radical changes in the nature of her government, and in her internal policy. As we understand the matter, the popular representation rests on a mixed and arbitrary basis of land, slaves, and voters, distributing representation by great sections of the state, and then by counties, and towns perhaps, in those sections respectively; the general result being, that the great central section of the state is unequally represented as compared with the eastern section, and the still greater western section still more unequally as compared with both the others. The government, thus permanently thrown into the hands of a minority of the people occupying the eastern and southern sections of the state, has been long considered disregardful of the ordinary rights and interests of the subject majority, occupying the western and northern sections of the state. A permanent and flagrant instance of this chronic injustice, is an unequal system of taxation, so framed as to relieve the immense aggregate wealth, in the form of slaves, held by the ruling minority, in large part from any tax at all, and as to the remainder, from a large part of the property tax, by fixing a low and arbitrary value on slaves, by act of assembly. Another instance of the same sort is alleged to exist, in the systematic injustice with which the revenue thus fraudulently raised, is spent entirely in the interest of the same ruling minority, with complete disregard of the special interests of the heavily taxed majority. The Convention which voted, in secret session, the ordinance of secession, with a mob of secession ruffians, as is alleged, clamoring at their reluctant obedience to its behests; passed, also, and submitted with that ordinance, to the people for ratification, an act proposing to concede something concerning this slave taxation. Even this concession, wrung by the necessity of the occasion—was characteristic of the ruling spirit; the great revolution, though submitted to the idle form of a popular vote, under the eyes of fifty thousand armed secessionists—being made effectual and executed at once,

as if already approved by the people; the little act of concession, being made ineffectual, till ratified by the popular vote. This statement, necessary to the full understanding of the case between Eastern and Western Virginia, makes it all the more probable that the movement in the latter against secession, and against the dominant minority in the former, will have consequences at once permanent and important; all bearing directly against the efficacy of the revolutionary action of Eastern Virginia, and of the late Convention.

3. Not the least important of the consequences involved in the state of affairs we have been disclosing, is that a perfectly practicable military route is thus opened through the heart of the most loyal population of the whole South, into the very heart of the inland secession country; whereby the general government may lead an army for the protection of loyal citizens in the back parts of Georgia and both the Carolinas on the left hand, in Northern Mississippi and Alabama in front, and in West Tennessee on the right. The mountain region which covers Western Virginia and Eastern Kentucky and Tennessee, penetrates into Georgia, Alabama, and North and South Carolina. Two hundred miles wide from east to west, and double as long from north to south, the long valleys of this remarkable region, flanked everywhere by mountain ranges, run precisely in the direction that an army for protection of loyal citizens of the South should take. A march of ten or fifteen days from the Ohio River, through Western Virginia, would place a force in the mountains of East Tennessee, cutting the line of the railroad which connects the Atlantic Ocean with the Mississippi River at Memphis. The effects of such a forward movement, invited by the conduct of Virginia, and indicated by the highest military and political considerations—would be immediate and decisive, if sustained by an adequate force, under an able commander. And our persecuted brethren in East Tennessee, Northern Alabama, and the back parts of Georgia and the Carolinas, may see—in the hints that we have ventured to throw out—that they are not out of the reach of succor. We believe that ten thousand volunteers from the mountains of Kentucky, would follow Robert Anderson in such an expedition, for such an object;

and it may be confidently added, ten thousand more from Western Virginia, and ten thousand who would join them in East Tennessee. No portion of America had less motive to betray herself than Virginia had; none could ever put more at stake, by one act of, what seems to us, suicidal folly, than she has done. Renowned and venerated name!—well do we know that many of your heroic sons will die for you, on the mere point of honor, even though they blush at what you have done! They will die in vain; neither maintaining what you have decreed, nor wiping out its stain!

4. The posture of Delaware and Maryland may be considered definitively settled, and, as to the result, essentially the same, in many respects; and that of Missouri is so analogous to that of Maryland, that we need not separate it from them, in the few remarks it is necessary to make. Delaware casts in her lot, with a prompt movement and a loyal heart, with the nation of which she is so small but so true a part. The relation of Delaware to Maryland is geographically such, that it seems a great marvel that both of them should, in times like these, apparently overlook the great mutual importance of their forming the closest bonds with each other. Maryland looked to Virginia for guidance—when she and Delaware united were really more important to the Federal Government, than Virginia was; and far more entitled, in the circumstances, to give the lead than to follow Virginia. Her great peril before the late revolt in Baltimore, was her want of preparation, watchfulness, and self-reliance; which, but for the wise, forbearing, and firm conduct of the General Government, would have cost her dear. Her great peril now is, from the seductions of Virginia, and the machinations of her own disloyal sons. As to her destiny—no discussion can make it any plainer than it is already, to every one who will reflect upon her whole position. As long as the Federal Government exists, and Washington is the capital of the American nation, Maryland is an indispensable portion of that nation; and as such, has before her a boundless career of prosperity, freedom, and honor. In her, disloyalty to the nation is not only wickedness—it is folly. The same general state of case, though for reasons in some respects different, exists with regard to Missouri. If

the country west of Missouri is to remain a portion of the nation, it is impossible for the nation to allow that state to separate from it. If the South is to become a separate nation, it is equally impossible for the United States to give up the military position—one of the strongest in the world—covered by the mouths of the Ohio and Missouri Rivers. The position of Missouri is central, and unspeakably powerful and important, as a member of the Federal Union; and there is no degree of wealth, power, and influence, to which she may not attain, if the Union is maintained. So that her own interest, in every conceivable way, points to the same great career, which the absolute necessities of the nation will secure for her, if she continues loyal to it. To us, we admit, this whole affair of secession has been an enigma, in this—that all the reasons and pretexts, alleged as a justification, or even an excuse for the course which the revolt has taken, have appeared to us so totally disproportionate to the conduct they professed to explain; that we have felt as if there must be other grounds, as yet concealed from the public, upon which men of sense and honor pursued a line of conduct, apparently so monstrous, as compared with all the known defences of it. We regret to say that the secessionists in Missouri, and we must add, though perhaps in a less degree, in Maryland, appear to be signally amenable to this charge, whether we consider what it was they attempted—or the means which they resorted to—or the manner in which they quailed, when it became necessary to assume the responsibility of what they had done—or the machinations they have kept up, since their conspiracy in both these states was defeated. It is clear to us that the million and a half, or upwards, of white inhabitants, in Delaware, Maryland, and Missouri, must be counted out—whenever the strength of secession is summed up. And we will now proceed to show that the million in Kentucky must also be deducted.

5. There are very high senses in which all the states are equal, both in fact, and in the contemplation of the Federal Constitution. Nevertheless, there are circumstances connected with the past history, and indeed with the origin, of all the states, that seem to place them in positions by no means identical—touching the "State Rights," and the

corresponding "National Rights," which enter so largely into the difficulties produced by secession. We have, in a former publication, attempted to show that a National Government and State Governments united into one political system, is the original, continuous, exclusive, and perpetual form of government chosen by the American people since ever they were a nation, and by all the commonwealths composing that nation since ever they were states; and we have attempted, after establishing this controlling truth, to show its bearing upon secession, in various points of view. What we have to say now is, that at the bar of reason and conscience, there is a difference touching the rights claimed, as to secession, between the original thirteen states, and the twenty-one states added since; and that there is a difference, again, between those out of these twenty-one added states, which were acquired by conquest, treaty, or purchase, and those which were created out of portions of the first thirteen states. The plea of Virginia or North Carolina, for example, might have a certain aspect entitling it to grave consideration; while the plea, for example, of Louisiana, Texas, and Florida, might provoke only derision; while the plea, for example, of Tennessee to have the benefit of the Repeal Ordinance of her mother North Carolina, might appear to be nearer, in equity, to the first than to the second of the two other classes. Our judgment is against the validity of the very highest of these pleas; and the lowest of them seem to us monstrous, in every point of view. Considering the past history of the case of Louisiana, for example, her recent conduct, so far from being founded in justice, is even destitute of a decent regard for appearances.

6. The position of Kentucky, the only remaining Border Slave State, is historically at the head of the class of new states carved out of old ones. From her birth as the first state added, nearly seventy years ago, to the original thirteen, her whole career has been marked by the noble qualities of Virginia, at that period, and before, and long after, and which shone, with peculiar lustre, in the founders of the young commonwealth. And we confidently predict, that let Virginia falter and fall, as she may, her daughter will maintain her loyalty to the good, and will reject the evil, in her ex-

ample. Behold an example and a proof: Virginia asked her to meet her in counsel to *preserve* the Union; meantime, Virginia suddenly determined, before the appointed day of counsel, to *destroy* the Union. Kentucky having accepted the former counsel and invitation, went on totally regardless of the subsequent madness—elected her commissioners without opposition, and by the largest popular vote she ever gave to any proposition—and kept the appointed day. There is, in fact, but one internal peril hanging over Kentucky. The executive power of the state, and the command of her military force, is in the hands of a governor—having yet two years to serve—who is totally out of sympathy with the great mass of the people, and who has used the influence of his office, and all its power, in a direction, and towards an end, hateful to the bulk of those whose governor he is. If Mr. Magoffin was a loyal Union man, the whole internal difficulty of Kentucky would terminate in a week; unless the secession minority should be mad enough to take up arms, and call in Confederate troops; in which case, of course, unless Kentucky should instantly suppress them, she would become one of the theatres of the war. That event may happen. It is believed by many to be highly probable, under present circumstances. Situated as the state is, it is a contingency which is constantly impending; and to meet which, if it should happen, there is no way but by arms. The very plainest duty of the Union men in Kentucky, therefore, for months past, has been to arm and organize themselves, to the very last man, and in the most effectual manner, and in the shortest possible time. We desire, from the bottom of our heart, that Governor Magoffin, and the party with which he acts, may be content to guide their conduct by law, and in obedience to the known will of the people of Kentucky; and that, by so doing, he may keep the calamities of war from desolating the state. But if he and his party will not do this, or cannot do it—upon both of which points there is deep and wide distrust in the public mind—then he and they must take the responsibility of all that may follow. And he and they both well know, that the people of Kentucky will not submit to the despotism of the Confederate States—will not allow of a reign of

terror—will not tolerate revolutionary committees—will not tamely submit to injuries, insults, oppressions, or usurpations of any kind—and will not give up their loyalty to the American nation, or their place in the American Union. The mass of the people of Kentucky sincerely desire the restoration of the entire Union; they strongly disapprove of the whole course of the secessionists from the beginning; they believe, at the same time, that the whole South has had great cause of dissatisfaction—and they do not feel free to take part in the war against the Confederate States: nor will they take part against the Federal Government, which, however they may disapprove of it, or its acts, they recognize as the representative of the nation of which they are a loyal part, and the chief executive authority under that Constitution which is the supreme law. What they desire and propose, therefore, is to take no part in this war; and by this means, they intend—in the first place, to express the true state of their feelings; in the second place, to occupy a position in which, as a mediator, they may, as soon and as often as occasion offers, do all in their power to restore peace and union, if that be possible; and in the third place, to preserve themselves and their state from the horrors of a conflict which they did all they could to prevent, which they cannot engage in with a good-will, and which, in the divided state of opinion amongst her people, and by reason of her geographical position, would probably be ruinous to the state, by means of her becoming actively engaged in it.

7. Such we believe to be the existing state of opinion and affairs in Kentucky. With regard to it, we will make but two general remarks. The first is, that, in our judgment, the state of opinion in Kentucky is chiefly characterized by the public mind being torn by conflicting principles and passions, often working even in the same mind, in opposite directions,—and, as the general result, begetting a decided popular reluctance to any violent measures, or any extreme courses, or any irrecoverable step; but that the tendency of opinion has been constant and rapid, in favor of the Union; and that, at every period, and especially at present, the number of persons who would vote to take Kentucky out of the Union, is a comparatively small portion of the people—made

dangerous by their violence, their activity, their organization, their being extensively armed, their good understanding with the secession leaders and military officers, and their sympathy with the chief executive and military authorities in the Commonwealth. The second remark we have to make is that the same wise and lofty forbearance manifested by the General Government towards Maryland, and we will add towards Missouri—will be manifested, there is every reason to believe, towards Kentucky, in the high but unusual position she has felt it to be her duty to assume. In the case of Kentucky—and we may add Missouri—this conduct of the President, which those states certainly should applaud, and which would give them peace at once, if it were imitated by the Confederate Government, is extremely significant; as it seems to indicate that, in his opinion, the neutral and yet loyal position of these two great central states, may, in certain highly probable events of the war, be turned to great advantage, in that complete restoration of the Union, which the loyal citizens of both of those states ardently desire.

VII. General Conclusion.

There remain many topics of great importance and significance, concerning which we have said nothing. And yet the number and the magnitude of those we have attempted to elucidate, compared with the narrowness of the space they occupy, might indicate that our error may rather be in attempting too much, than in not attempting more. The whole subject is one, of which

we never think seriously, without profound astonishment and anguish; about which we have never written a line without attempting to exercise the severest rectitude, as if we were speaking in the face of another generation. This civil war is a terrible portent. All civilized nations regard it with horror; and posterity will be obliged to pronounce it an inconceivable outrage upon the freedom, the morality, and the civilization of the present age. To what ends God, in his adorable Providence, has allowed it, and will conduct it, and use it—it behoves every one, who acknowledges there is a God, to ponder deeply—and every one, who professes to serve God, to search diligently.

A few great truths seem to us transparently clear—and amongst them not one is more impressive, at the present moment, than that which we have attempted to illustrate in this paper. The American Nation ought to be preserved, and the American Union ought to be restored. This war ought to be conducted by the Nation—under the impression of that solemn necessity—which, as far as we can judge, is shown to be attainable, alike by the indications of Divine Providence, and by all the circumstances upon which enlightened human judgments can be formed. If in these things we err, nothing will remain, but for the nation to bow its august head reverently before the known will of God, and the irresistible force of destiny. It has already redeemed itself from the ignominious fate to which the last Federal Administration had consigned it. Let its destruction bear some just proportion to the glory of its past life.

SIMPLICITY OF THE DIVISION OF LABOR.
—*Indulgent Husband.* How is it you never do any work now? I don't think I have seen you with a needle and thread in your hands for weeks and weeks together.

Indolent Wife (*lolling luxuriantly on the sofa*). Yes, my dear, it is true; but there is no necessity for it, since you were kind enough to buy me that wonderful sewing-machine.

Indulgent Husband. By the by, who works that, I should like to know? I think I saw

you using it once, when first it was brought home, and that is all.

Indolent Wife. Oh! my dear, I get Jane, the nursery-maid, to attend to it. She rocks the cradle with one foot, and works the pedal with the other. I can assure you she is quite expert at it, and I really believe that the noise sends the baby to sleep. And, moreover, it gives me greater time to read.

[Takes up French novel, and is soon lost in the mysteries of the demimondane life.]

—Punch.

From The Spectator, 22 June.
THE MILITARY RESOURCES OF THE SOUTH.

IT begins to be clear that Englishmen have over-estimated the military resources of the South. Throughout the contest it has been assumed in England that North and South were possessed of nearly equal capacity for war. The advantage in numbers, which belonged indisputably to the North, was supposed to be balanced by the superior discipline and energy of the South. The planters had furnished the Union with generals and statesmen, the mean whites offered inexhaustible resources for an army, while the aristocratic constitution of the Confederacy enabled the leaders to enforce a discipline not to be expected in the Union. This impression was deepened by the energy the South originally displayed, and the contrast presented by the single-hearted vigor of Mr. Jefferson Davis to the timid or treacherous vacillations of Mr. Buchanan. It was increased, too, by a distrust of Northern statements, the disgust "tall talking" is sure to engender in cultivated minds. Thousands on this side of the water, who were confident in the ultimate victory of the North, still expected to see Washington captured, and the tide of invasion driven back towards the East. The recent accounts from America dissipate many of these delusions. It may be doubted whether the South possesses any advantages whatever —whether, indeed, it has the physical strength to guard its own territory for more than one short campaign. The statements in the New York journals may be taken for what they are worth, but the evidence of facts and of known correspondents of English journals points irresistibly to the same conclusion—the South is weaker in men, arms, and energy than England had believed it to be:—

1. That unhesitating vigor which at first distinguished the South, and extorted an unwilling admiration from its foes, disappeared with the event which roused the silent masses of the North. Since the fall of Fort Sumter, Mr. Davis has done nothing which can add to his reputation as a military chief. He missed his spring on Washington when the capital was defended only by the Clay Guard. He forgot the importance of Cairo, the key of the West, which at one time he might have occupied almost without a struggle. He failed altogether to rouse Maryland into active hostility to the North. He lost the enormous advantage he might have gained by a rapid concentration of his troops towards the capital, at a time when the entire South, protected from invasion by its climate, formed an impregnable base of operations, and when the friends of the South were still strong in all but the Western States. He has forgot-

ten that in war it is the weaker party which should commence the attack; that to stand purely on the defensive is to invite defeat. Above all, he has shown a want of discernment in his estimate of European diplomacy. He has reasoned like a half-educated man, who thinks that to disbelieve in principle or enthusiasm, shows acumen and knowledge of the world. It is difficult to resist the impression that Mr. Davis really relied on the intervention of Europe, really believed that cotton was king, really acted on the certainty that all policy and all feeling would give way under an unreasoning outburst of mercantile alarm. His programme, accordingly, for raising revenue is a monopoly of cotton, which, he argues, Britain *must* buy; his answer to the blockade is a decree prohibiting the export of cotton *except* by sea. If this be his real view, Mr. Davis is a shallow politician, a man who does not understand that to rouse nations you must touch the imagination, that free races never fight heartily for a tariff, or a trade. That the South contains able men it is impossible, with the past history of the Union before us, to deny. But the vulgarity which is the taint of the American intellect has infected the planters as well as the shopkeepers, and clouds the judgment of Mr. Davis as completely as it baffles the shrewdness of Mr. Seward.

2. The class of mean whites does not furnish the recruits it was so readily assumed to yield. The facts before us are still few, and too much obscured by prejudice to admit of a decisive opinion, but such as they are, their tendency is all one way. Except in Virginia, the South finds a scarcity of men. The ranks are filled with planters, men of substance and independence, who can create one army, but who, from the nature of things, can draw upon no reserve. Everywhere Mr. Russell found the private gentlemen of position. Everywhere he saw "hulking fellows," who ought to have been in the ranks, but preferred cursing the North and "loafing" about the rum-shops. In New Orleans the meaner class are only enlisted by impressment, and wherever the actual numbers embodied have been ascertained, they are less than public rumor had assigned. Thus the force under General Bragg, at Pensacola, is only three thousand men. The force which was to defend Alexandria dwindled to Mr. Jackson, hotel-keeper and patriot, and even the force at Harper's Ferry seems daily to grow less. The planters no doubt will make decent soldiers, though not very amenable to discipline; but a war such as this promises to become demands, for success, the adhesion of a nation. If the mean whites will fight only for money, the South, for a perma-

inent contest, has only the resources of an ordinary and very weak administration. It cannot hope, with its slender revenue, to maintain an army of mercenaries on the scale a war with the North and West will undoubtedly require. Its only resource, by its own programme, is half the cotton crop, and this will not be available in cash till the summer of 1862. The gentry make excellent volunteers, and for the first campaign may prove most valuable troops, but battle and sickness will speedily thin their ranks, and an aristocracy has never a reserve. This difficulty would not have impeded their march into Mexico, where the army could have been fed by requisitions and paid out of the treasure still remaining in private hands, but the present war is fought on the soldier's soil. The war, which in the North is a war of the people, in the South seems only the war of the aristocracy.

3. The South, which had been plundering the North since the accession of Mr. Pierce, was supposed to be fully armed. One guarantee against rebellion in modern days, however, is the impossibility of extemporizing an arsenal. The guns ranged against Fort Pickens were small pieces, and the supply of shell scarcely sufficient for a day's bombardment. In Louisiana the soldiers are strictly ordered not to practise, for powder is a scarce article in the states. They have no means of manufacture, for they have no sulphur, and though sulphur is not a difficult article to smuggle, smuggling is difficult when the populace disapproves. Powder may possibly be imported from Mexico, and we have an impression the Mormons have found means to commence the manufacture, but a long land route will still leave the supply costly and insufficient. The magazines, too, lie of necessity at the mercy of the negroes, and the Southern boast of the trustworthiness of slaves is a boast merely. That it is a sincere one is possible enough. Old officers in India believed that the Sepoys loved them like fathers, and could scarcely be undeceived when the knife was at their throats. Many an officer committed suicide in despair at finding the theories of a lifetime based upon a lie. The slave is as capable a hypocrite as the Sepoy, and far more ready to risk the consequences of revolt. Already, every slave who can fly is flying. The Virginian proprietors talk bitterly of their pov-

erty, and the fugitives seem thoroughly familiar with the history and objects of the struggle. An oppressed race keeps up a communication from mouth to mouth far more secret than the telegraph, and almost as rapid. Finally, and worst for the South of all, there are signs of the growth of a new spirit in the ranks of the Northern force. "We are becoming abolitionists," writes a non-commissioned officer, and the voluntary adoption of the detested nickname is but one evidence of the change. Nothing could exceed the hate of a Northern rowdy for a slave, yet the Zouaves are liberating every slave they find, openly murmuring because their officers are not more eager to "confiscate enemies' property" in this form. Perhaps no man in the North was more openly an advocate for slavery than General Butler before the war. Even after the war he aided to suppress an *émeute* of the dark race, and openly told the governor who appointed him he should always pursue that course. Yet, General Butler is the officer who devised the scheme for declaring slaves contraband of war, a scheme which, as he knows, and the Government know, and the people feel assured that both know, implies ultimate enfranchisement. So strongly is this felt, that a Richmond planter manumitted all his fugitive slaves in order to spite their captors; a device baffled by the negroes who immediately hired themselves out to combatants for the North. As the intelligence of the decision spreads South, the stampede, as the Americans call it, will become more general, and the flight of the slaves is nearly as ruinous to the South as open insurrection.

With the mean whites declining to serve, powder short, and shell insufficient, the prestige of success completely lost, and the slaves aware that the battle involves their future, the military resources of the South are barely equal to defence. The dream of conquest has been already abandoned, and we have yet to learn the effect of the expectation of defeat. The planters thought the victory sure, and have yet to prove that the *élan* which they, like all Southern races, display, is as strong against ill-success as the calm fortitude of their adversaries of the North. If the teaching of history has any value, the fire of the South will be burnt out before that of the North is fairly kindled to a flame.

Part of an Article from The Economist, 22 June.
SOUTHERN COTTON—CAN IT GET OUT?

We have left ourselves no space to dwell on the third and last difficulty which England may experience from the civil confusion in America: we mean the cotton difficulty. And this is of the less importance, because as the cotton crop of the year is for the most part fairly housed out of reach of danger, the inconvenience which we have to discuss is a future and not a present one. Still, it is our duty to chronicle the varying aspects of so great a possible difficulty as they from time to time present themselves. At the present moment the aspect is perhaps more unfavorable than it has ever before been. The South says cotton sha. only leave the South by one exit, and the North says cotton shall not leave the South by that exit. The one says there shall be a single and exclusive road, and the other says nothing shall pass along that road. The South, by an enactment which we elsewhere print, declares that it shall not be lawful to "export cotton or cotton-yarn from the Confederate States except through the seaports of these States;" and confiscates all the cotton which any merchant may be attempting to export in defiance of that legislation. The North has declared that she will establish an effectual blockade, and will prevent the issue of any cotton from those ports. So far, therefore, as the political acts of either party in the struggle can affect the exportation of cotton, these acts will do so. They are the most efficacious which could be passed for the purpose.

One motive of the South in passing this apparently suicidal enactment is the desire of preventing the cotton manufacturers of the North from obtaining the raw material which is necessary to them. Another is the wish to prevent the transit of cotton to Europe through the North, and the consequent profits of the North as produce broker and exchange agent, of which the South, who always believe that they are cheated by Yankees, have for years formed a very exaggerated idea. But there is in many minds undoubtedly a further and most strange motive. It sounds like a bitter jest, but it is capable of documentary proof, that a somewhat numerous and an influential section at the South do not *wish us to have their cotton*. They have contracted, by a long and strange history, and from a peculiar and lamentable state of society, an exaggerated idea of their own importance. Writers in the most respectable Southern journals advisedly say, that if England and France cannot obtain their cotton in consequence of the blockade imposed by the North, both England and France will interpose and remove

the blockade. The South fancy that we shall go to war in its aid, in conjunction with the French emperor, if only our supply of raw material is straitened and obstructed. With this strange fancy in their minds, they are not inclined to send us their cotton by occult and recondite means: they are not inclined to invent ingenious expedients for breaking the blockade. On the contrary, they say, "Let the blockade be effectual; the stricter the better; the sooner will it be over; the sooner will rescue from Europe reach us: the sooner will the strong hand of the 'Old Country' remove all our difficulties."

Such an idea is neither reasonable nor satisfactory. We know it to be raving, but those who use it are in their senses and believe it. It is certainly calamitous that one combatant should be very anxious to prevent our having their cotton, and that the other combatant should not be very anxious that we should have it. We have the strongest faith in the economical doctrine that raw material, if grown, will be sold. We believe it will be so in this instance more than in others; but still the position is exceedingly remarkable, and is not exceedingly comfortable. Both parties in the struggle—one by warlike efforts and the other by legislation—are providing that we shall not have that which we most want.

From The Saturday Review, 22 June.
AMERICA.

THE rude injustice and malignity of the New York journals continue to represent the hostile feelings of the Northern Americans to England. There is no reason, however, for abandoning the dispassionate calmness with which the nature and prospects of the struggle have hitherto been regarded in this country. Three months ago, the North was apparently as unanimous in its reprobation of war as it is now loudly intolerant even of the theoretical neutrality of foreigners. The present fashion of opinion will probably last longer, because it is embodied in large material preparations. When the flower of the population is armed and drilled, and provided with all the munitions of war, it will be difficult even for American caprice to withdraw from the struggle without some tangible result. Notwithstanding the inexperience of the civilian generals, there can be no doubt that their troops will fight, and as long as the campaign is confined to the Border, the United States will have a large preponderance both in numbers and in military resources. The Southern Confederacy is better provided with professional officers, but it recruits from a thinner population.

Experience alone can show whether lawyers and local orators can, on short notice, acquire the art of commanding considerable armies. Mr. Lincoln evidently consults the wishes of his countrymen by distributing his principal commissions among well-known civilians. Mr. Banks, formerly a mechanic, and successively governor of his state and speaker of the House of Representatives, becomes a major-general, like Mr. Sickles and Mr. Butler, for the same reason which determined the choice of Charles I. and of the Tory Parliament in favor of peers or country gentlemen of influence. In default of special qualifications, it becomes necessary to choose leaders who are accustomed, in other departments of public life, to command respect and deference. In the civil wars, a gentleman might one month be a general, the next a justice of assize, and a few weeks afterwards he might accept a captain's commission for the reduction of a neighboring manor-house. The war, consequently, interfered little with the relative grades of civil life until its continuance had given time for the formation of a regular and veteran army. Under civilian officers, hostilities were carried on almost at random, without definite plans or decisive results. A handful of Royalist horsemen might be spreading terror through a district while the adjacent parishes were occupied in force by the parliamentary militia. The contending parties fought when they met, but their marches were determined by chance; and, except in a few instances, the event of their skirmishes depended on courage, numbers, and chance, without any admixture of military skill. It is true that one country gentleman, adopting the profession of arms in middle life, more than supplied, by native force of genius, all the defects of experience and of professional education.

It has generally been thought that the conditions of success in modern war are more complicated than the military qualifications of the seventeenth century. It may be doubted whether Cromwell himself, at the commencement of his career, could have handled fifty thousand men, with proportionate force of artillery; and the Butlers and Cadwallanders are probably by no means Cromwells, although they may have been selected for their general ability and aptitude. General Scott, who is supposed thoroughly to understand his business, is, unluckily, between seventy and eighty. There is a national versatility and hardiness in the American character which favors to the utmost the extemporaneous assumption of untried duties and responsibilities; but the enormous levies which appear upon paper suggest doubts whether armies as large as Napoleon's can

be safely moved by generals who are ignorant both of theory and of practice. The adherence of the bulk of the regular officers to the Southern Confederacy is one of the many reasons which prevent foreigners from admitting that the secession is merely a lawless rebellion. Only the most inveterate propensity to *vaticination* can have survived the surprises of the last six months. When the secession began, Republicans and Democrats vied with each other in the offer of concessions to the supposed demands of the slave-owners. When it became certain that the Cotton States would withdraw, the most telling imputation against an opponent consisted in the charge that he entertained a criminal desire to reclaim the seceders by force. The Washington orators and the New York and Boston journalists only discovered that they had overdone their pacific professions when the attack upon Fort Sumter suddenly roused the indignation of the North. For about two months, the population of the Free States have been ostensibly unanimous in their determination to maintain the sanctity and perpetuity of the Union. Their armaments have since done credit to the energy and patriotism of the nation; and if the North remains in its present frame of mind for some time longer, the seceders will be exposed to a formidable attack. In American affairs, it is unsafe to calculate either on the steadiness or on the variable character of popular feeling. It is only certain that, whether peace or war is in fashion, England will be made the scape-goat of every blunder and misfortune.

It seems hard that foreigners should be accused of misunderstanding the constitutional questions at issue, when the first commencement of military operations has already brought about an insoluble conflict of jurisdiction. The chief justice of the Supreme Court issued a writ of *habeas corpus* to bring up the body of one Merryman, who had been arrested at Baltimore on the charge of destroying a railway bridge for the purpose of impeding the passage of the United States troops. General Cadwallader refused obedience to the writ, with the singular announcement that the President had given him authority to suspend the law of *habeas corpus*. The chief justice, in the presence of superior force, abstained from requiring the marshal to execute the writ, announcing that he should throw on Mr. Lincoln himself the responsibility of adopting or disavowing the conduct of his officer. There can be no doubt that civil process is incompatible with military operations in a hostile country, and, as Northern journalists say, *inter arma silent leges*; nor do they fail to add, with apparent truth, that Chief Justice Taney

is a Southern at heart. On the other hand, it is certain that Congress alone has the right to determine whether it is necessary that the writ of *habeas corpus* should be suspended. Maryland is nominally considered by the Government as a loyal portion of the United States, and General Cadwallader is not even acting under a proclamation of martial law. In England, a similar difficulty might be disposed of by a subsequent Act of Indemnity; but Congress itself legislates under strict limitations, nor has it the constitutional power to make good the defaults of the Executive. The Supreme Court would disregard any irregular measure which might be passed, and in the event of a future revulsion of popular feeling, the President himself would be exposed, without defence, to the risk of an impeachment. The Americans are too practical a people to be defeated in a great national movement by constitutional technicalities; but if they were capable of justice to England, they might begin to appreciate the warning that their Constitution must suffer in a civil war. It is perhaps at present unsafe to remind them that their actual unanimity barely covers over the political divisions which seemed lately wider than ever. New York is now ostensibly unanimous in opposition to that extension of slavery which its Corporation, the majority of its voters, and its most notorious journal, have habitually defended and supported. Pennsylvania was Democratic until it sold itself to its country for a selfishly protective tariff. Even in New England itself, a considerable minority has always maintained the doctrine of state rights and the cause of the South. It may be that American party feeling, however violent, is too insincere to survive a great political crisis; but it seems premature for Englishmen to give in their adhesion to a creed which may in a short time become heterodox by a change in public opinion. The Government of the United States is fighting for an intelligible and justifiable object in denying the right of malcontent states to retire from the Union. How the seceders are to be reclaimed, and how, if reclaimed, they are to be governed, are questions not to be solved even by the simultaneous vociferation of twenty million throats.

From The Spectator, 22 June.
NAPOLEON IN ITALY.

Of all the puzzles now presented to politicians the conduct of Napoleon in Italy is perhaps the most profound. After expending thirty millions of treasure and ten thousand lives in the effort to expel Austria from Italy the emperor made a peace which re-

placed the satellites of his adversary on their thrones, and left the road open for the recovery of her wider dominion. The peace had scarcely been signed when he permitted the Italians to nullify its provisions, and engage in enterprises tending directly to the unity the treaty of Villafranca was intended to prevent. Thenceforward his policy was a tissue of apparent contradictions. He suffered Cavour to seize the Marches, but withdrew his ambassador from Turin; rejoiced in the overthrow of the Neapolitan Bourbons, but protected their last stronghold against assault; sanctioned the unity of Italy, but refused to withdraw French troops from their ward of the Italian capital. And now, just as a frightful misfortune places the future of Italy once more in jeopardy, he solemnly acknowledges the kingdom whose formation he has done so much to advance—and to retard. Upon any of the popular hypotheses his conduct is utterly inexplicable. If he be really, as many observers believe, exclusively a French prince, anxious only to carry out the opinions and further the interests of France, why does he permit Italy to become a Mediterranean power? Every Frenchman of every party dreads and detests the Italian unity which the French autocrat intermittently protects. If, on the other hand, as many thoughtful men believe, he is at heart an Italian, anxious for the regeneration of the beautiful land, and loathing the influence of the papacy, why does he, while acknowledging Italy, support intrigue at Rome? One strong sentence from his pen would banish the Bourbons to Bavaria, and terminate outrages which in their horror and their uselessness resemble rather the outbreaks of slaves than the movements of a European party. The third theory, that the emperor is overrated, that he is a man without plans beyond the exigencies of the hour, vacillating in will and short-sighted in design, is, we think, equally untenable. Europe does not quail before imbeciles, nor would Rome declare war upon a man it might be possible to cajole.

There is, we believe, but one view upon which it is possible to reconcile the strange contradictions which from the day of Villafranca have distinguished the Italian policy of the emperor. His object from the first has been, not the good of Italy, but the contentment of Italians, to concede all things rather than face the Revolution. Filled with the idea then universal in Europe, that Italy asked freedom rather than unity, he fancied his true object secured at Villafranca. The Austrian dominance at an end, Lombardy made Italian, Venetia promised a separate administration, the duchies gratified by a

free but separate existence, he imagined Italians would be reasonably content. Political disappointment seldom points the daggers political oppression has always had to fear. The result undecieved him, and half the world besides. The Italians desired unity as well as freedom, a nationality of their own as well as exemption from the Austrians, and the sullen cry of discontent once more changed the policy of the Tuilleries. Northern Italy organized herself in the face of a French treaty without interference from the French. Then followed the attack on Naples—an attack in itself perhaps grateful to one with whom the house of Bourbon is of necessity permanently at war. France might, however, have resisted, but the Revolution, unmolested by France, had an object on which to depend its energy, and the emperor made no effort to close the valve. Naples conquered, it became clear that Italy would not suffer the Roman States to intervene between Naples and Turin; that if France guaranteed the States of the Church, the emperor had still to reckon with the Revolution, and Count Cavour was accordingly permitted to annex all save the actual residence of the pope. All this while the emperor had no real wish for an Italy too strong. If Italians could be contented with less, he would gladly have hailed a compromise not involving the birth of a sixth power. He therefore protected the last Bourbon, defended Gaeta from the sea, and protracted the civil war for months in hopes of a new solution of his difficulty. Had Naples asked for Murat, or declared for Garibaldi, or contented itself with any ruler short of Victor Emmanuel, the emperor's end would have been gained. Garibaldi, however, after a moment's hesitation, declared for unity; the faces of Italians again grew menacing, and once more the emperor retired from the one danger which he dreads. The Two Sicilies were united with Northern Italy, and the Revolution again surrendered power into the hands of a free but regular administration. Still the emperor refused to acknowledge the result he himself had sanctioned, and Italy still remained a power outside the protection of European law. The votes of the Liberals in the Legislative Corps, the earnest advice of England, the eager importunities of Prince Napoleon, even the hostility of Rome were powerless to change the determination of the emperor. He even swerved slightly towards the priests, as the only power which could still impede the full growth of the Italian monarchy, when Cavour was put to death by his physicians. Instantly the emperor saw the Revolution let loose once more, and for the fourth time a concession

averted the one struggle he was determined to avoid. A settled state is the best instrument to keep the Revolution within bounds, and the emperor informs Europe that Italy must be acknowledged if order is to be maintained.

There are those who see in this last concession the settlement of the difficulty of Rome, but we think with insufficient reason. That the "Roman question" will soon reach its solution we also believe; but the recognition of Italy does not of itself involve the extinction of the temporal power. Nobody denied, before the recognition, the *right* of Italy to Rome. The power of the monarchy to *take* its capital in defiance of the world is not increased by a diplomatic form against which the papacy continues to protest, nor is the interest of France in the occupation of Rome lessened by its having become a diplomatic irregularity. The emperor, we believe, would gladly retain a post which enables him, in all serious questions, to direct the action of a power hostile to the unity of Italy. He would gladly retain a grip over the Frankenstein he has helped to create, but still regards with fear. So long as the occupation of Rome is injurious only to Italy, only impedes good government, only paralyzes the attempt at strong administration, he will gladly incur an expense which, in return, leaves him before Europe master of the situation. But even for Rome he will not encounter the revolution from which he and his have sprung. In the hour when Italy demands her capital as the price of continued quiescence, the papacy will be left to the guardianship of an excommunicated sovereign and an "ir-religious" army. That is not the result the emperor would desire, but it is preferable to the only visible alternative. Meanwhile, Napoleon exhausts diplomacy in the effort to discover a third course, which shall content the Italians yet leave Italy divided. A Piedmontese instead of a French garrison for Rome, a papacy limited to the Leonine city, a papacy unprotected by treaty, any suggestion is preferred to the simple issue—Rome for the capital of Italy, the pope for the first subject of her kings. All suggestions are baffled by the resolve of the Romans, to accept the Revolution rather than the pope. Over this resolution even Cavour could exercise no power, though the Romans, on all other points, trusted, obeyed, and would have perished for him. At any moment an order from Cavour would have hurled the Roman populace on the bayonets of the French. But even the great premier was incompetent to make Romans obey the pope, and before this determination all notion of compromise has gradually dis-

peared. Rome or Revolution is the Italian decision, and now, as after Villafranca, before Gaeta, and by the death-bed of Cavour, the chief of the Revolution must give way.

We have said nothing of the design attributed to the emperor, and mentioned openly by his cousin, of uniting Italy and France in a coalition against Germany, for, true or false, it has little influence on the unity of the peninsula. Napoleon could lead disunited Italy more easily than Italy raised to the rank of a great power. Naples under Murat, and Northern Italy under Victor Emmanuel, would have been far more obedient allies than Italy united is at all likely to become. With Venetia still in Austrian hands, Italy can be relied on for any policy tending to weaken Germany; but that temptation removed, it is not in France that the united kingdom, to which the freedom of the Mediterranean must be a necessity, will find her natural ally. Divided Italy would, we believe, be more acceptable to Napoleon than any existing arrangement; but divided Italy means Italy discontented, and Napoleon would sooner strive with Europe than encounter the Revolution face to face.

From The Liverpool Journal.

A LITTLE COMMON SENSE APPLIED TO THE AMERICAN QUESTION.

MISCONCEPTION and mistake attend on every novel question. The secession movement is a novel question, and it is to a great extent misunderstood in this country. Too much partisanship prevails on the merits of the dispute; the South has numerous friends on the Liverpool Exchange, and the North very few admirers. To be impartial is to give offence, perhaps to make enemies; and our file at this moment is loaded with letters of remonstrance on the supposition that we are unduly friendly toward the Northerns. Yet we have only endeavored after impartially giving a free hearing to the advocates of both sides. We never sacrificed to partiality of any kind; and if we have preferred any interest apart from humanity and civilization it was that of Liverpool and Great Britain. Not as a proof of our independence, but as a matter of serious thought, we are about to apply a little common sense to the American question.

It is open to our Government to take action on this question. It may avail itself of the dispute to weaken the Union, and punish the Northerns for their hostile tariff by at once recognizing the independence of the Confederation. All its recent proceedings tend in that way. The disposition to

recognize the South as belligerent could only benefit the South. The queen's neutrality proclamation supported this inference, and the despatch of troops and material to Canada and the West Indies gives it potency. The North and South accept it in that way. There is no use in vindicating the proceeding as right, because many things most unjust and impolitic are done within the law. The effect of the proceeding is to be estimated in reference to the suspicion excited.

A notion prevailed, and still prevails, in this country that the secession is a fact—a permanent fact. Government obviously thinks so, otherwise it would never have talked of neutrality; for neutrality was out of the question as long as the seceders were to be considered rebels. Regarded as a fact, what have we to gain or fear? Nothing to fear territorially from the war, be it short or long; for if we do not interfere with the parties they will not interfere with us. What have we to gain? A diminution of the strength of the Union, and a more desirable tariff with the North and South—with the North, because it would not be the interest of the North to maintain a tariff which would give us the Southern market; with the South, because it would want cheap goods.

But is not all this a gross misconception—a fearful miscalculation? Either the South will accomplish its independence by its own efforts or by aid of ours. Choose which alternative you like, and our loss is certain.

No one who knows the world, or who is acquainted with the teaching of history, will believe for a moment that the South, unaided, can effect a separation from the Union. To suppose such a thing is to outrage common sense. The North has men, money, an army and a navy. It is a concentration of forces—the South is the reverse. The army and navy of the States, though small, are perhaps the most perfect in the world. The best treatises on both have been written by American officers, and Mr. Russell's letters testify to their efficiency; compared with the army and navy of the South their strength is potent. Mr. Russell's letters are perfectly reliable—the only letters that are reliable. In war popular feeling must be obeyed. The feeling of the North is for the war, and it would be insanity to suppose that the North will abandon the war until the South succumbs.

It is useless to speak of the Southerns as desperate, as dying before surrendering, for those who see in this character a power of resistance forget that they are describing the Southerns as men hardly within the pale of society or civilization. The war will, there-

fore, be short or protracted ; the shorter the better for us, and therefore the less we do short of interference to protract it the better, for then the trade to America would resume its usual channels, and all be prosperity. The proceedings of our Government, however, in their effect on the North and South, are directly calculated, by inspiring hope in the South, to prolong the war. If hostilities continue for only a year, the loss to us may be counted in millions.

Should we in deference to a large national policy, interfere, recognize the independence of the South, and afford aid, what then ? That is the question which, we suspect, has not been properly considered by those who wish to see secession prosper ; but it is a question in which are involved very serious considerations. We could do it, are able to do it, but what would be the immediate effect—the inevitable consequence ? The first effect would be a war with the Northern States. We could not conquer these, we would not attempt it, but we would impoverish them ; but in proportion, for the time, as we injured them we would injure ourselves. Lancashire, as it did before, would be reduced to a state of ruin ; trade would languish, distress would be universal. The people might, in the absence of imported breadstuffs from America, be exposed to famine or famine prices, and national discontent would enable designing men to sow sedition. This is not a fancy sketch. What would we have done this year without breadstuffs from America ?

There interposes another consideration. What would France do ? Profit by the opportunity to humble England. Join the Americans, arouse the French Canadians and the Irish ultramontanes, and, peradventure, tax the valor of our volunteers by invading our coast. There is in all this not one statement that is improbable ; they positively assume the form of facts. We could beat them all, France and America, but at what a cost, and all for what ? For results that could never take place. The South, successful, would have to enact a tariff practically more prohibitive than that now of the North, reprehensible as that is, for the South could support a separate government only in two ways—duties on exports or duties on imports. There is nothing else available for revenue. Her whole cotton produce would hardly suffice for the expense of a government. She would have to build ships, to create an army, and where would the money come from ?

The fear of the growing strength of the Union is an idle one. She has more to fear from us on her own continent than we have

from her at home and abroad. We will always be in a condition to master her, however big she grows. This we intend to make apparent by and by.

Our inferences fairly are : First, that our Government is grossly wrong in doing any thing to encourage the South to persevere, and would be terribly wrong to aid a separation. Any attempt of this kind would quickly involve the ministry in ruin. The mercantile mart in this case is not the kingdom, for no matter what the commercial world may say, the country would reprobate any aid given to slaveholders in their attempt to malign the principles of liberty. Driven to extremities, the North would let loose the slaves—and, then, what ? The slaves, according to Mr. Russell, are, inland and on the borders, watching the dispute for their own benefit.

With every possible respect for the gentlemen on "Change" who have honored us with their advice, in the form of remonstrance, we beg to solicit their attention to our dispassionate view of the case. Their views, we are satisfied, if acted upon, would produce a calamity not experienced in England since the days of the Orders in Council.

THE DAY'S DUTY.

If any thinking man will take a retrospective view of the last seven months ; will contrast the events of the day and the attitude of the country in the last weeks of June with the events and the situation of affairs in the last weeks of December ; will compare the state of the public mind then, vacillating, weak, timorous, and unenlightened, to the bold, determined, vigorous, and intelligent purpose that now animates it, he will see a change more remarkable than any thing else in our history, and far more portentous than the boldest prophet would a year ago have ventured to foretell. It is possible that we have not yet exhausted all the wisdom that may be gathered from that six months' experience ; it is possible that, marvellously rapid as the sequence of events has been, unexpectedly as effects have followed causes, they are to be matched, perhaps more than matched, by events that are yet to come. Hitherto the providence of God has been visible in the progress of affairs, and he has ruled the weakness, the short-sightedness, and the selfishness, as well as the wrath of man to praise him. The pillar of fire by night and the cloud by day were not more visible to the Hebrews as they fled from Egyptian bondage, than the hand of an overruling Providence leading this people, for

six months past, out of a political servitude which was fast growing to a civil and social bondage. We frankly avow our belief in this, as the only explanation, of why we have not again and again miscarried in this crisis of our national life. There was wanting for many months both among the people and their leaders, forethought, foresight, and faith, and hardly a week has passed when, as we look back upon it, it is not marvellous in our eyes that we were not overwhelmed by irrevocable disaster. But neither lies, nor treachery, nor thief, nor treason, nor imbecility, nor cowardice, nor want of wisdom, nor public nor private villainy have prevailed against the good cause; but we have gone on from victory to victory, over compromises, concessions, delays, complications, and frauds, till at length a people, hitherto divided, uncertain, timid, and uncomprehending, have risen, as one man, with eyes anointed, and minds newly opened, and have shaken themselves free from all signs of lethargy and doubt with the will and strength of an aroused and angry giant.

But as hitherto we had failed to see that we were about to enter upon a new and momentous epoch in our history, as we had failed to understand the character of that epoch, let us at least be sure, now that we are surrounded by the light of the new day, that we stumble, and blunder, and are blind no longer. We trust that Congress needs no word of admonition and advice, for its members are fresh from the people, and understand the purpose and spirit by which they are governed. If those gentlemen carry with them one positive and fixed idea to Washington, it is, we trust, and we believe, not only that the day of compromise, but the day even of a talk of compromise, has passed away forever. The less talk of any kind during the present session of Congress the better; but talk of that sort is absolutely intolerable, and not to be endured. If there shall be here and there some poor fool—poor fools are always about everywhere—who shall insist upon offering and reading his notable plan—plan as notable and timely as an essay upon the probable advantage it would have been to the Hebrews to have waited

and built a bridge to go dry-shod over the Red Sea, instead of wetting their sandals by entering upon the path that the Almighty had opened for them through the parted waters—if, we say, some unhappy creature shall insist upon wasting a half-hour in that way, let it be wasted, and then have done with him and it. If there be any thing that by common consent of all men of all sections and of all parties can be borne no longer, it is the men and the measures that propose now to get out of our national troubles in any other way than by fighting out. The nation wish to see the position neither played nor paltered with, neither delayed nor dallied with; but they do wish to see, first, every act of the President thus far in the war made legal, where that is a necessary formality; and then they want men and money provided for use—not for a show on paper, not with reference to something to be done in the future, not in case of certain contingencies, not with regard to some possible supposititious potentiality—but *for use, now*. In these three little words lie, in the people's minds at this moment, great force and meaning. They want movement. Waiting, beyond a certain point, is not in accordance with the Northern character. It is only south of Mason and Dixon's line that they have patience and leisure to wait for *vigin-tial* crops. Northern staples grow and are harvested in a year. The North believes that the present crop of treason is ripe enough to cut down, and it thinks the cradles in hand are enough, at least, to begin the harvest, and they are resolved that there shall be no unnecessary delay.

Such is the duty of Congress—to provide ample means in men and money for immediate use. We do not meddle with details; we do not presume to advise them how to go to work, what sequence and direction to give to their labors, but we beg them to recognize the great fact that the nation they represent is to renew its life, or that liberty and self-government on this continent are to come to a sudden end before this year is out; and the people think it is about time something decisive was done about it.—*Tribune*, 4 July.

THE seventh volume of "Documents and Correspondence," written or dictated by Napoleon L., is just out from the imperial press, and contains the emanations of that great mind from

February, 1801, to August, 1802. At this rate the probable estimate of the whole collection cannot be less than thirty volumes.

THE OLD COUPLE.

It stands in a sunny meadow,
The house so mossy and brown,
With its cumbrous old stone chimneys,
And the gray roof sloping down.

The trees fold their green arms around it,
The trees, a century old;
And the wind goes chanting through them,
And the sunbeams drop their gold.

The cowslips spring in the marshes,
And the roses bloom on the hill;
And beside the brook in the pastures
The herds go feeding at will.

The children have gone and left them,
They sit in the sun alone!
And the old wife's ears are failing,
As she harks to the well-known tone

That won her heart in her girlhood,
That has soothed her in many a care,
And praises her now for the brightness
Her old face used to wear.

She thinks again of her bridal—
How, dressed in her robe of white,
She stood by her gay young lover
In the morning's rosy light.

Oh, the morning is rosy as ever,
But the rose from her cheek is fled;
And the sunshine still is golden,
But it falls on a silvered head.

And the girlhood dreams, once vanished,
Come back in her winter time,
Till her feeble pulses tremble
With the thrill of spring-time's prime.

And looking forth from the window,
She thinks how the trees have grown,
Since, clad in her bridal whiteness,
She crossed the old doorstone.

Though dimmed her eye's bright azure,
And dimmed her hair's young gold;
The love in her girlhood plighted
Has never grown dim nor old.

They sat in peace in the sunshine,
Till the day was almost done;
And then, at its close, an angel
Stole over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together—
He touched their eyelids with balm;
And their last breath floated upward,
Like the close of a solemn psalm.

Like a bridal pair they traversed
The unseen, mystical road,
That leads to the beautiful city,
“Whose builder and maker is God.”

Perhaps in that miracle country
They will give her lost youth back;
And the flowers of a vanished spring-time,
Will bloom in the spirit's track.

One draught from the living waters
Shall call back his manhood's prime;
And eternal years shall measure
The love that outlived time.

But the shapes that they left behind them,
The wrinkles and silver hair,
Made holy to us by the kisses
The angel had printed there,

We will hide away 'neath the willows,
When the day is low in the west;
Where the sunbeams cannot find them,
Nor the winds disturb their rest.

And we'll suffer no telltale tombstone,
With its age and date, to rise
O'er the two who are old no longer,
In the Father's house in the skies.

DAY-DREAMS.

I, often lying lonely, over seas,
At ope of day, soft-conched in foreign land,
Dream a green dream of England; where young
trees

Make murmur, and the amber-striped bees
To search the woodbine through, a busy band,
Come floating at the casement, while new
tanned

And tedded hay sends fresh on morning breeze
Incense of sunny fields, through curtains
fanned

With invitations faint to Far-away.
So dreaming, half-awake, at ope of day,
Dream I of daisy greens, and village pales,
And the white winking of the warmed may
In blossomy hedge, and brown oak-leaved
dales,

And little children dear, at dewy play,
Till all my heart grows young and glad as they;
And sweet thoughts come and go, like scented
gales

Through an open window when the month is
gay.

But often, wandering lonely, over seas,
At shut of day, in unfamiliar land,
What time the serious light is on the leas,
To me there comes a sighing after ease
Much wanted, and an aching wish to stand
Knee-deep in English grass, and have at hand
A little churchyard cool, with native trees,
And grassy mounds thick laced with ozier
band,

Wherein to rest at last, nor further stray.
So, sad of heart, muse I, at shut of day,
On safe and quiet England; till thought ails
To inward groaning deep, for fields fed gray
With twilight, copses thronged with nightin-
gales,

Home-gardens, full of rest, where never may
Come loud intrusion; and, what chiefly fails
My sick desire, old friendships fled away.

I am much vext with loss. Kind memory lay
My head upon thy lap, and tell me tales
Of the good old time, when all was pure and
gay!

—All the Year Round.